

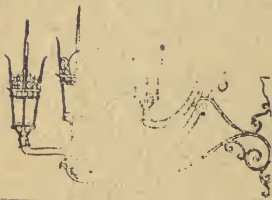
# Andersen's Best Fairy Tales

Alice Corbin Henderson



Rond McNally & Company

BOSTON  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

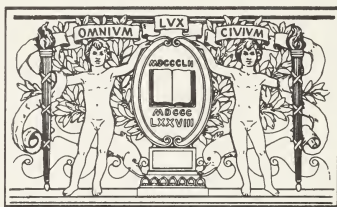


BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Copley Square

James

W. W. Wall

~  
\* by



BOSTON  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY





**ANDERSEN'S BEST  
FAIRY TALES.**





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/andersensbestfai00ande>

An illustration of a young boy with blonde hair, wearing a red checkered tunic and dark leggings, standing on the left. He holds a thin stick pointing towards the text. On the right, a young girl with long blonde hair and a yellow headband leans over a large white sign. She holds a yellow flower in her left hand. The background features a large tree on the left, a castle on a hill in the distance, and a field of red roses in the foreground. The sky is blue with white clouds.

# ANDERSEN'S BEST FAIRY TALES.

Translated by   
Alice Corbin Henderson 

Illustrated by   
W<sup>m</sup> P. Henderson



Rand McNally & Company  
Chicago New York

Jordan  
p28  
• A54  
Hen

COPYRIGHT, 1911,  
BY RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY



ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY  
The Rand-McNally Press  
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

## The Preface

**T**HIS selection of Andersen's "Wonder Tales and Fairy Stories" has been made with a view not only to the collection of the stories best suited to a child's appreciation but also to a presentation of those that exhibit each some particular type of Andersen's story-telling genius. Not to make a too arbitrary division, it is safe to say that there are at least eleven distinct types of Andersen's tales found in the thirteen stories that make up this book. If "The Adventures of a Darning Needle" were less like "The Constant Tin Soldier," or "The Little Match Girl" less like "The Angel," there would be thirteen. More than thirteen distinct types could no doubt have been selected from Andersen's stories if that had been the only consideration of choice.

But, since the collection is intended for young children, it has seemed well to include only the best and brightest of Andersen's stories, and especially to place before the young reader only those stories which will come well within the reach of his understanding. For this reason, both on account of its length and its meaning, such an undoubted masterpiece as "The Snow Queen" has been omitted from the present volume. It is earnestly hoped, however, that the teacher will keep this story in mind as one of the most representative of all Andersen's stories.

For the child's sake, also, and quite apart from the question of constructive types, care has been taken to include stories of as many different veins of feeling as possible.

For instance, the humor of "The New Clothes of the Emperor" gives one phase of Andersen's temperament, and "The Little Match Girl" and "The Angel" quite another. In "A Rose from the Grave of Homer" we find a vein of almost pure poetry. "The Constant Tin Soldier" is one of Andersen's stories of amusing and oddly assorted couples; the story of an old rubber ball and a dustpan is another. "The Adventures of a Darning Needle" contains some of Andersen's most charmingly intimate and naïve humor, which, when applied to such an object as the heroine of a story, becomes delightfully absurd. "The Tinder Box" is especially to be commended for its true wonder element, reminiscent of the story of Aladdin and his mysterious lamp, and equally delightful. "The Flying Trunk" exhibits this same quality, though in a less degree, but is not of original invention, as the theme comes from "The Arabian Nights." "A Leaping Match," although it bears strong resemblance to Æsop's Fables, yet is of original invention. Thus, in this small selection of stories, the child is given a wide range of thought and feeling, as well as a rather general knowledge of Andersen as a story-teller.

Three of the stories in this book, "The Real Princess," "The Tinder Box," and "Hans Clodhopper," are of Danish folklore origin. "The New Clothes of the Emperor" is based on an amusing idea first conceived by a Spaniard in the thirteenth century, but one has only to read the original to see how Andersen improved upon it. All the rest of the tales are of Andersen's own invention.

These he wrote quite as easily as the stories that he had heard in childhood, often returning from an opera to

write out an entire story that had suggested itself to him during the evening. On Thorwaldsen's laughing suggestion that Andersen write something about a darning needle, the story-teller put his imagination to work upon that droll bit of material. "A Leaping Match" was first told spontaneously to some children who asked for a story. "The Little Match Girl" was written to accompany a picture for a magazine. And just so easily did Andersen write all the stories that he wrote.

Two of the stories in this volume are among the first ever told by Andersen. "The Real Princess" and "The Tinder Box" were published in 1835 in the "Tales Told for Children." The others cover the entire space of Andersen's creative life. "The Constant Tin Soldier," one of his first original tales, was printed in 1838; "A Rose from the Grave of Homer," in 1841; "The Angel" and "The Ugly Duckling," in 1845. "What the Moon Saw," "The Adventures of a Darning Needle," "A Leaping Match," "The Little Match Girl," and "Hans Clodhopper" followed during the next ten years; and "Luck May Lie in a Stick" was published in 1869 in an American periodical (*Riverside Magazine for Young People*).

The text of this edition is based upon a line-by-line comparison of all the best English translations. Some of Andersen's translators, in attempting to follow the author's individual and quaint idiomatic expressions, have fallen into a rather slipshod style. Others, endeavoring to refine or to elucidate the original, have simply taken all life out of Andersen's style and left a stilted set of phrases in its place. But where one translator has failed, another has oftentimes



succeeded. By this method of revision, therefore, it is hoped that all the felicities of expression may have been retained and all the awkward little mistakes avoided.

Especial reference has been given to the work of Andersen's favorite English translator, Horace E. Scudder, whose rare understanding of many of Andersen's whimsical subtleties has enabled him to give a rendering of the stories that is unquestionably valuable to older readers. In Mr. Scudder's translation, however, much is above the heads of the young readers of the second school grade, for which this edition is intended. So far there has been no edition of Andersen's Fairy Tales simple enough for use in the first two grades. In order to meet this very obvious requirement of simplicity, this collection of fairy tales has been selected and arranged. In rewriting the stories, short paragraphs have been made instead of long ones; long sentences have been cut up into short ones; and, wherever it is possible, simple and familiar words have been substituted for words that are difficult.

Many words, which may not in reading be familiar to the child, are noted and defined in the list of "Unfamiliar Words." Furthermore, each story has been subdivided, and separate headings have been given to each episode or group of incidents in order to attract and hold the wave-like attention of small children. The biography, too, has been written for children and is intended to be read by them as a story—a story in which the real wonder element is by no means lacking. Andersen himself calls the story of his life a true fairy tale, perhaps the most marvelous fairy tale of all!

A. C. H.



PAGE

<i>The Preface</i> . . . . .	5
THE REAL PRINCESS	
The Young Prince Seeks a Real Princess. . . . .	15
Who Came in at the Castle Gate . . . . .	16
The Old Queen's Test . . . . .	17
At Last a Real Princess . . . . .	17
WHAT THE MOON SAW	
The Children Playing in the Attic . . . . .	20
The New Playmate . . . . .	21
THE ADVENTURES OF A DARNING NEEDLE	
Pride Goes Before . . . . .	25
And a Fall Comes After . . . . .	27
The Darning Needle Goes out into the World . . . . .	28
She Makes an Acquaintance . . . . .	29
The Darning Needle's Last Journey . . . . .	33
THE UGLY DUCKLING	
The Birth of the Duckling . . . . .	37
How the Duckling Was Treated at Home. . . . .	41
Out on the Moor. . . . .	46

	PAGE
In the Peasant's Hut . . . . .	50
What Became of the Duckling . . . . .	55
THE ANGEL	
When a Good Child Dies . . . . .	64
The Flower Loved by the Little Cripple . . . . .	67
The Child in Heaven . . . . .	70
THE NEW CLOTHES OF THE EMPEROR	
The City is Visited by Two Strangers . . . . .	73
The Work of the Weavers . . . . .	75
What the Emperor's Friends Thought of the Weaving . . . . .	77
What the Emperor Thought of his New Clothes . . . . .	80
The Emperor Puts on his New Clothes . . . . .	82
The Procession . . . . .	84
A ROSE FROM THE GRAVE OF HOMER	
The Rose of the Orient . . . . .	87
The Rose Remembers Homer . . . . .	88
The Dream of the Rose . . . . .	89
The Dream's Fulfillment . . . . .	90
THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER	
The Tin Soldier Meets the Little Dancer . . . . .	92
The Goblin Threatens the Tin Soldier . . . . .	96
The Tin Soldier Starts on a Journey . . . . .	97
The Tin Soldier in a Shipwreck . . . . .	100
The Tin Soldier Sees Daylight Once More . . . . .	103
The Constant Tin Soldier Finds the Little Dancer Con- stant unto Death . . . . .	105
THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL	
The Little Girl on the Doorstep . . . . .	107
What the Matches Showed Her . . . . .	110
She Finds Happiness at Last . . . . .	113
THE LEAPING MATCH	
The Reward Offered by the King . . . . .	116
What Each Contestant Had to Say for Himself . . . . .	117

	PAGE
Who Won the Princess . . . . .	. 119
What the Unlucky Suitors Thought . . . . .	. 120
HANS CLODHOOPER	
The Two Clever Sons Start to Court . . . . .	. 123
Hans Wishes to Join his Brothers . . . . .	. 125
He Finds Odd Treasures by the Wayside . . . . .	. 127
The Fate of the Two Clever Brothers . . . . .	. 129
The Fate of Hans Clodhopper . . . . .	. 132
THE TINDER BOX	
The Soldier Returns from the Wars . . . . .	. 137
What the Soldier Found down in the Tree . . . . .	. 141
The Soldier Goes to the City a Rich Man . . . . .	. 145
The Soldier, Poor again, Recalls the Old Tinder Box . . . . .	. 147
The Soldier Meets the Princess . . . . .	. 149
The Soldier in Prison . . . . .	. 154
What Really Did Happen Last of All . . . . .	. 155
LUCK MAY LIE IN A STICK	
How Luck Comes . . . . .	. 159
How Luck Once Came to a Poor Man . . . . .	. 160
THE STORY OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN	
Hans Christian Andersen . . . . .	. 167
<i>Unfamiliar Words</i> . . . . .	. 189
<i>Reading List: Other Folk Tales and Fairy Stories</i> . . . . .	. 193
<i>Suggestions to Teachers</i> . . . . .	. 195





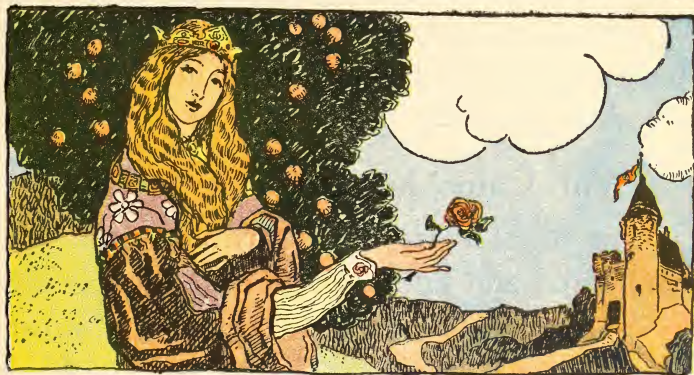


It was a young Princess





# The Real Princess.



## The Young Prince Seeks a Real Princess

THERE was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess. But it was only a *real* Princess that he wanted to marry.

He traveled all over the world to find a real one. But, although there were plenty of princesses, whether they were *real* princesses he never could discover. There was always

something that did not seem quite right about them.

At last he had to come home again. But he was very sad, because he wanted to marry a *real* Princess.

### Who Came in at the Castle Gate

One night there was a terrible storm. It thundered and lightened and the rain poured down in torrents. In the middle of the storm there came a knocking, knocking, knocking at the castle gate. The kind old King himself went down to open the castle gate.

It was a young Princess that stood outside the gate. The wind and the rain had almost blown her to pieces. Water streamed out of her hair and out of her clothes. Water ran in at the points of her shoes and out again at the heels. Yet she said that she was a *real* Princess.

## The Old Queen's Test

"Well, we will soon find out about that!" thought the Queen.

She said nothing, but went into the bedroom, took off all the bedding, and put a small dried pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she piled twenty mattresses on top of the pea, and on top of these she put twenty feather beds. This was where the Princess had to sleep that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept through the night.

"Oh, miserably!" said the Princess. "I hardly closed my eyes the whole night long! Goodness only knows what was in my bed! I slept upon something so hard that I am black and blue all over. It was dreadful!"

## At Last a Real Princess

So then they knew that she was a *real*



Princess. For, through the twenty mattresses and the twenty feather beds, she

had still felt the pea. No one but a real Princess could have had such a tender skin.

So the Prince took her for his wife. He knew now that he had a *real* Princess.

As for the pea, it was put in a museum, where it may still be seen if no one has carried it away.

Now this is a true story !



# What the Moon saw



## The Children Playing in the Attic

“I WILL tell you something,” said the Moon, “that happened a year ago in a little country town in Germany.

“The master of a dancing bear was sitting in an inn, eating his supper. His bear was tied fast behind the woodshed in the back yard. He was a gentle old bear, and, though he looked fierce enough, he never did any harm to anybody.



“Upstairs, in the attic of the inn, three little children were playing about in the light of my clear rays.

“Flop! flop! they heard something coming up the stairs! What could it be?

“Suddenly the door flew open and there stood the bear—the big, shaggy Bruin! Tired of standing so long in the yard, he had at last broken loose and found his way upstairs and into the attic.

“I saw it all,” repeated the Moon.

## The New Playmate

“The children were so frightened by the bear that each crept into a corner to hide. But the bear found them all out, snuffed at each one, but did not do them any harm at all.

“‘Why, it must be a great big dog!’ the children said at last. And they began to pat him.





And there stood the  
Bear



“The bear lay down on the floor, and the youngest little boy rolled all over him and hid his golden curls in the bear’s long black fur.

“The biggest boy got out his drum and beat upon it hard as ever he could. As soon as the bear heard this, he stood up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was great fun!

“Each boy shouldered his musket, and nothing would do but the bear must have one too; and he held it as tightly as any of them. Here, indeed, was a fine playmate and no mistake! They marched up and down—one, two! one, two!

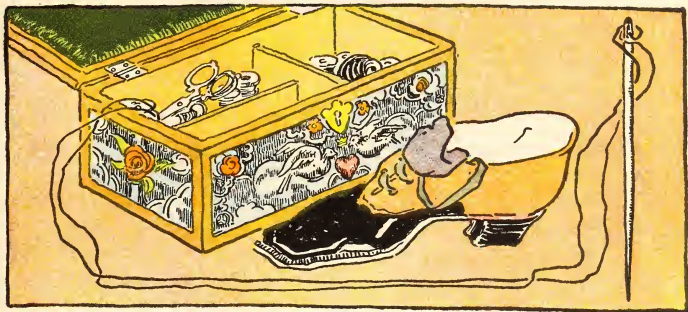
“Just then some one opened the door—it was the children’s mother. You should have seen her! Her face was as white as a sheet, and she was so frightened that she could not speak. But the smallest child cried

out to her in delight, ‘See, we are playing soldiers, mother!’

“And then the master of the bear came in.”



# The Adventures of a Darning Needle



## Pride Goes Before

THERE was once a Darning Needle that felt herself so fine that she thought she must be a sewing needle!

“Be sure to hold me tight,” she said to the Fingers that held her. “Don’t let me fall. I am so fine that I never could be found again if I fell upon the floor!”

“That’s as it may be,” said the Fingers, holding her fast.

“See, I’m coming with a train!” cried the Darning Needle as she drew a long thread after her. But there was no knot in the thread.

The Fingers pointed the needle straight at the cook’s slipper, in which the upper leather had burst and was to be sewn together.

“That’s coarse work,” said the Darning Needle. “I shall never, never get through. I’m breaking! I’m breaking!”

And she really broke.

“There, didn’t I say so?” asked the Darning Needle. “I am too fine! Didn’t I say so?”

“Now it’s good for nothing!” said the Fingers.

But they held her fast while the cook dropped some sealing wax upon the needle and stuck it in her necktie.

## And a Fall Comes After

“Now, I’m a breastpin!” said the Darning Needle. “I knew that I should come to honor. When one *is* something, one always comes to something!”

She laughed quietly to herself. (For one can never see by the outside when a Darning Needle laughs.) She sat up as proudly as if she were in a state coach, and looked all about her.

“May I ask if you are of gold?” she said to the pin, her neighbor. “You are pretty to look upon, and you have your own head, if it *is* little! But you must see that you grow, for it’s not every one that has sealing wax dropped upon him!”

Then the Darning Needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell right out of the necktie into the sink, which the cook was rinsing out.

## The Darning Needle Goes out into the World

“Now I’m going on a journey!” said the Darning Needle. “I do hope that I’ll not get lost!”

But she really was lost already.

“I’m too fine for this world,” she said as she lay in the gutter. “But I know who I am and what I am, and there’s some comfort in that!”

So the Darning Needle held herself high and did not lose her good humor.

All sorts of things floated over her—chips and straws and pieces of old newspapers.

“See how they sail!” said the Darning Needle. “They don’t know what is under them. But *I* am here. I remain firmly here.

“See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but of himself—of CHIP!

“There’s a straw going by now! How he



turns! How he twirls about! Don't think only of yourself, or you may run up against a paving stone!

"There swims a bit of newspaper. What's written on it has long been forgotten, and yet it gives itself airs!

"*I* sit quietly and patiently here. I know what I am, and I shall stay what I am."

### She Makes an Acquaintance

One day something glittered close beside the Darning Needle. It shone so brightly that the Darning Needle thought that it must be a diamond. It was really a bit of a broken bottle. But because it glittered the Darning Needle spoke to it, introducing herself as a breastpin.

"You, no doubt, are a diamond?"

"Yes, something of that kind."

So each thought the other a costly thing.

Then they began talking about the vanity of everything in the world.

“I was once in a lady’s box,” said the Darning Needle. “This lady was a cook, with five fingers on each hand. I never saw anything as vain as those five fingers. Yet they only existed that they might take me out of the box and put me back into it again.”

“Did they have luster?” asked the Bit of Bottle.

“Luster!” cried the Darning Needle. “No, nothing but pride!

“The five fingers, all of the Finger Family, held their heads high even with one another!

“But they were not all alike or of the same size.

“Thumbling, the outside one, was short and fat. He walked out in front of the ranks. He had only one joint in his back, and so could make but a single bow. But



# This Lady was a Cook



he said that if he were hacked off a man, that man forever after was no good for the wars.

“Lickpot, the second finger, thrust himself into sweet and sour, pointed to the sun and the moon, and bore down hardest when they wrote.

“Longman looked over the heads of all the others.

“Ringband wore a golden belt about his waist.

“And Little Peter Playman did nothing at all, and was proud of doing that!

“It was brag, brag, all the time, and so I went away.”

“And now we sit here and glitter!” said the Bit of Bottle. But at that moment so much water came into the gutter that the Bit of Bottle was carried off on the overflow.

“So he is disposed of,” remarked the

Darning Needle, "while I stay here because I'm so fine. But I am proud to be fine, and my pride is honorable." And she had many great thoughts as she sat there holding her head high.

"I am so fine that I almost believe I was born of a sunbeam! It really does seem as if the sunbeams were always seeking for me under the water!

"Ah, I am so fine that even my own mother cannot find me! If I had my old eye that broke off, I think I should cry. But no, I would not do that! It is not genteel to cry."

## The Darning Needle's Last Journey

One day a couple of street boys were grubbing in the gutter where they sometimes found old nails and pennies and all sorts of odds and ends. They did not mind

playing in the dirty water. In fact, they rather enjoyed it.

"Oho!" cried one who had pricked himself with the Darning Needle. "Here's a fellow for you!"

"I'm not a fellow! I'm a young lady!" screamed the Darning Needle.

But nobody listened to her.

The sealing wax had come off and she had turned black. But black makes one look slender, and so she thought herself even finer than before.

"Here comes an eggshell sailing along!" said the boys. And they stuck the Darning Needle fast in the eggshell.

"The white walls make a good background for my black dress," remarked the Darning Needle. "Now I can be seen! I only hope I shall not be seasick!" (But she was not seasick at all!)





**Oh! Here's a fellow for you .**

“It is good, if one is seasick, to have a steel stomach, and to remember that one is



a little more than an ordinary person. Now my seasickness is over. The finer one is, the more one can bear!"

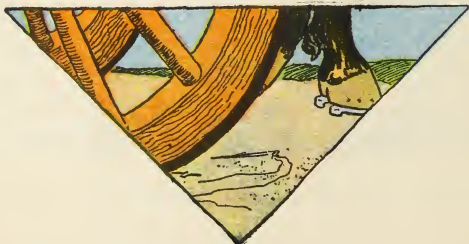
Crack! went the eggshell, for a wagon rolled over it.

"Dear me, how it crushes one!" said the Darning Needle.

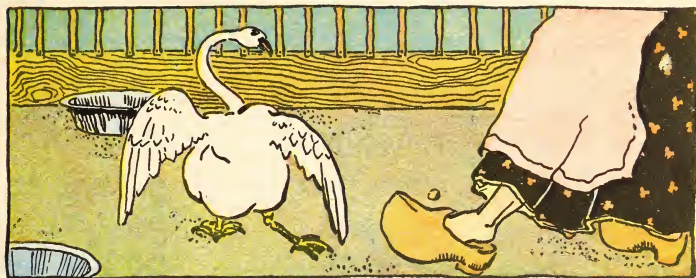
"I'm getting seasick now—I am really quite sick now! I am going to break!"

But she did not break, although the wagon went over her. She only lay there at full length.

And there she may lie!



# The Ugly Duckling



## The Birth of the Duckling

**I**T was summer time out in the country. The cornfields were golden, the oats were green, and stacks of hay were piled high in the wide meadows. The stork stepped about on his long red legs and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. On the edge of the fields and pastures the trees grew thick, and in the midst of the woods lay deep, still lakes. It was beautiful in the country.

Out in the sunlight there stood an old farmhouse. Around the farmhouse ran canals, and from the house to the water grew burdocks. They grew so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest of them. Under their branches it was as wild as in the thickest woods.

Here a Duck sat hatching a nestful of eggs. She was getting tired of waiting for the young ducks to break their shells. She had few visitors, for the other ducks liked swimming about in the canals better than sitting up under a burdock talking to an old mother duck.

At last one eggshell broke. And then another, and another, and another.

“Pip! Pip!” cried every duckling that stuck out its head.

“Quack! Quack!” said the Duck. Then they all came out as fast as they could.

They looked around them under the green leaves, and their mother let them look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

“How wide the world is!” cried the young things. They certainly had more room now than they had had in the shell!

“Do you think this is all the world?” asked the mother. “The world reaches far across to the other side of the garden, even into the parson’s field, but I have never been there yet.

“Are you all out?” she said, and she stood up to see. “No, not all. The largest egg is still whole. I wonder how long it will be before that will break? I am really tired of waiting.”

And she sat down again.

“Well, how goes it?” asked an Old Duck who had waddled up to see her.

“It takes a long time for this one egg,” said the Duck. “It will not hatch. But look at the others! They are the prettiest little ducks I ever saw. They all look like their father. The good-for-nothing never comes to see me!”

“Let me see the egg that will not hatch,” said the Old Duck. “It must be a turkey’s egg. I was once cheated in that way, and I had a great deal of trouble, for the young turkeys were afraid of the water. In fact, I could not make them go in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that’s a turkey’s egg. Let it alone and go teach the other children to swim.”

“I think I will sit on it a little longer,” said the Duck. “I’ve sat here so long now that I can wait a few more days.”

“Just as you please,” said the Old Duck; and she went away.

At last the big egg burst. "Pip! Pip!" said the little one, as he came out. He was big and ugly. The Mother Duck looked at him.

"It's a large duckling," she said. "None of the others look like that. It really must be a turkey chick! Well, we shall soon find out. He shall go into the water if I have to push him in myself."

## How the Duckling Was Treated at Home

The next day the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves. The Mother Duck took all her family down to the canal. She jumped in with a splash!

"Quack! Quack!" she said, and one after another the ducklings fell into the canal. The water closed over their heads, but in an instant they came to the top. Then they

swam off bravely, for their legs went of themselves. They were all in the water. Even the ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

“No, it’s not a turkey,” said the Mother Duck. “See how well he uses his legs, how straight he holds himself. It is my own child! He is really not so ugly if you look at him carefully. Quack! Quack! Come with me now, and I’ll take you out into the world and show you to the duck yard. Keep close to me all the time, so that no one may step on you, and look out for the cats.”

They found a row going on in the duck yard. Two families were fighting over an eel’s head. But the cat got it after all.

“See, that’s the way it goes in the world!” said the Mother Duck. And she whetted her beak, for she too had wanted the eel’s head.

“Use your legs,” she said, “and bustle



about! Be sure to bow to the Old Duck over there. She is the highest born here. She is of Spanish blood—that's why she's so fat. And do you see that piece of red rag around her leg? That is the greatest mark of honor a duck can have. It means that they are anxious not to lose her, and that she will be noticed by men as well as animals. Hurry! Hurry! Don't turn in your toes! A well-bred duckling turns its toes out, like father and mother—so! Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!'"

They did as they were told; but the other ducks stared at them and said, "Look there! Now we're to have this crowd, too, as if there were not enough of us already! And oh, look at that Duckling yonder! We won't stand that!"

And one duck flew at him and bit him in the neck.

“Let him alone,” said the mother. “He is not doing any one any harm.”

“Yes, but he’s too large and odd,” said the duck who had bitten him. “He must be kept down.”

“These are pretty children,” said the Old Duck with the rag around her leg. “They’re all pretty but that one. That is unlucky. I wish that one could be born over again.”

“That cannot be done, my lady,” said the Mother Duck. “He is not pretty, but he has a good temper and swims as well as, even better than, the others. Perhaps he will improve in looks as time goes on. He lay too long in the shell, and therefore he has not quite the right shape.” She pinched him in the neck and smoothed his feathers. “Besides, he is a drake,” she said, “and so it will not matter much. I think he will be strong. He makes his way already.”

“The other ducklings are graceful enough,” said the Old Duck. “Make yourself at home. If you find an eel’s head, you may bring it to me.”

So they were at home. But the poor Duckling who had crept last out of the shell, and who had been born ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of by ducks and by chickens.

“He is too big!” they all said.

The Turkey Cock, who had been born with spurs, and so thought himself an emperor, blew himself up, like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon him. Then he gobbled and grew so red in the face that the poor Duckling did not know where to stand or to walk. He was unhappy because of the ugliness that made him the sport of the whole duck yard.

Day after day it grew worse and worse.

The Duckling was driven about by every one. Even his brothers and sisters were angry with him and said, "I wish the cat would get you, you ugly creature!"

The ducks bit him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at him with her foot.

### Out on the Moor

At last one day the Duckling ran and flew high over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes started up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling. He shut his eyes and flew on and on until he came out into the wide moor where the Wild Ducks lived. Here, tired and sad, he lay the whole night long.

In the morning the Wild Ducks flew up and saw their new mate.

"What sort of a thing are you?" they asked.



he screamed and struck  
at him



The Duckling turned about to each and bowed as well as he could.

“You are really very ugly!” said the Wild Ducks. “But that will not matter if you do not want to marry into our family.”

The Duckling certainly had no thought of marrying. He asked only for leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

After he had lain there two whole days there came to him two Wild Ganders. They had not been out of the egg very long, and that accounts for their boldness.

“Listen, comrade,” said one of them. “You’re so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage? Near here there is another moor, where there are a few lovely wild geese, all unmarried. You’ve a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are.”



“Bang! Bang!” sounded through the air. And both the ganders fell down dead in the reeds, and the water became blood-red. “Bang! Bang!” it sounded again, and the whole flock of wild geese flew up from the reeds. Then there was another report.

A great hunt was going on. The gunners lay around in the moor. Some were even sitting up on the branches of the trees that spread out over the reeds. The blue smoke rose like clouds among the dark trees, and hung low over the water. The hunting dogs came—splash, splash!—into the mud. The reeds and rushes bent down on every side.

The Ugly Duckling was too frightened to move. He turned his head to put it under his wing, and at that very moment a great dog stood close by the Duckling. His tongue hung far out of his mouth, and his



eyes glared. He put his nose close to the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash, splash!—on he went without touching it.

“For once I am thankful for being ugly,” said the Duckling. “Even the dog does not like to bite me.”

He lay quiet while shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired over him. At last, late in the day, all was still. The Duckling did not dare to get up, but waited several hours before he looked around. Then he hurried away out of the moor as fast as he could. He ran on over field and meadow, and, as a storm was coming on, he had hard work to get away.

### In the Peasant's Hut

As it grew dark the Duckling came to a peasant's poor little hut. It was so far

tumbled down that it did not know on which side it ought to fall, and that's why it stood up! The storm whistled around the Duckling. He had to sit down to keep from blowing away. The wind blew harder and harder. Then the Duckling noticed that one of the hinges of the door had given way, and he slipped through the crack into the hut.

Here lived an old woman with her Cat and her Hen. The Cat, she called Sonnie. He could arch his back and purr. If you rubbed his fur the wrong way, he could even give out sparks. The Hen had short legs, and therefore she was called Chicka-bidddy Shortshanks. She laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning, when they saw the strange Duckling, the Cat began to purr and the Hen began to cluck.

“What’s all this noise about?” asked the old woman, looking around the room. As she could not see well, she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed from home.

“This is a prize,” she said. “Now I shall have duck’s eggs, if it is not a drake. We must see about that.”

So the Duckling was taken on trial for three weeks. But no eggs came.

Now the Cat was master of the house, and the Hen was mistress, and they always said, “We and the world!” for they thought that was all there was of it.

It seemed to the Duckling that one might think differently, but the Hen would not allow it.

“Can you lay eggs?”

“No.”

“Then hold your tongue!”

“Can you curve your back, and purr, and give out sparks?” the Cat asked.

“No.”

“Then you have no right to an opinion of your own!”

The Duckling sat in a corner and was unhappy. Then the fresh air and the sunshine gave him such a strange longing to swim on the water that he could not help telling the Hen of it.

“What nonsense!” cried the Hen. “You have nothing to do, that’s why you have these fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and they will soon pass over.”

“But it is nice to swim in the water, to feel it go over your head, and to dive down to the bottom!”

“Really,” said the Hen, “you must be crazy. Ask the Cat about it; ask him if he likes to swim in the water, or to dive down.

I won't speak about it myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman. No one in the world knows more than she does. Do you think she wants to swim, and to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me!" said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then who will understand you? You don't think you know more than the Cat or the old woman does?—I say nothing of myself. Don't be foolish, but be thankful for all you have.

"Are you not in a warm room, and are there not people here from whom you can learn something? But you're a goose, and it is a bother to have you about! I speak only for your good. I tell you unpleasant things, but that is a sign of my friendship. You must learn to lay eggs, or to purr and give out sparks!"

“I think I will go out into the wide world,” said the Duckling.

“Yes, do go,” replied the Hen.

So the Duckling went away. He swam on the water, and dived, but he was shunned by everything because he was ugly.

### What Became of the Duckling

When the fall of the year came, the leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown. The wind caught them and sent them dancing through the air. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence stood the raven, crying “Croak! Croak!” It was very cold. You could freeze fast if you stopped to think about it. The poor little Duckling did not have a good time.

One evening as the sun was going down there came a whole flock of handsome birds

out of the bushes. They were shining white, with long, slender necks. They were swans. They gave a strange cry, spread their broad wings, and flew far away from that cold place to warmer lands and open waters in the south. They mounted high, high! And the Ugly Duckling had a strange feeling when he saw them.

He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck, and gave a cry so high, so strange, that he himself was afraid as he heard it. When he could see them no longer he dived down to the bottom of the lake, and when he came up again he was still much excited. The Ugly Duckling could not forget those beautiful birds. He did not know what kind of birds they were, nor to what place they were flying. But he loved them more than he had ever loved anything. He did not envy them. How



could he wish for such loveliness as they had? He would have been glad if even the ducks had let him stay with them—the poor Duckling!

The winter grew colder and colder. The Duckling had to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing over entirely. But every night the hole in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It was so cold that the water in which he swam about tinkled with ice, and the poor Duckling had to paddle all the time to keep the hole from closing up. At last he was too tired to move. He lay still and helpless and thus became frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by and found him there. He took his wooden shoe, broke the ice to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. The warmth of the house made the Duckling well again.

The children wanted to play with him, but he thought they wanted to hurt him, and he flew up into the milkpan, and the milk spilled over into the room. The woman screamed, and shook her hand in the air. That made the Duckling fly down into the tub where the butter was kept, and then into the meal barrel and out again. He had a little of everything on his feathers. The woman screamed, and struck at him with the fire tongs. The children tumbled over one another as they tried to catch him. They laughed and they screamed! It was well for the Duckling that the door stood open and he could slip out among the bushes in the newly fallen snow.

But it would be too sad to tell all the hardships that the Duckling had to bear through the long winter. He was out on the moor among the reeds when the sun

began to shine and the larks sang again.  
It was spring.

Then the Duckling flapped his wings and found that they were stronger than ever before. They bore him easily up and away. And soon he found himself in a large garden, where the elder trees were in blossom and bent their long green branches down to the winding canal. It was so beautiful! The lilacs were sweet, and everything was fresh and springlike.

Suddenly from a thicket there came three large white swans. They rustled their wings and sat lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the birds and felt again that strange sadness.

“I will fly to them, to the royal birds! They will beat me because I am ugly. But it does not matter. Better to be killed by them than pecked by ducks, beaten by hens,



**They bore him up easily and away. ~**

pushed about by the poultry girl, and starved with hunger in the winter!"

He flew into the water and skimmed toward the beautiful birds. They looked at him, and came sailing down upon him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me!" said the Duckling. He bent his head down over the water and waited for them to come. But what did he see in the clear water? He saw himself, no longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly to look at, but—a swan!

It does not matter if you are born in a duck yard so long as you have lain in a swan's egg.

The Duckling was not sorry for all the hard times he had had. Now he could enjoy all the brightness around him. The swans came up and stroked him with their

beaks. The little children came running into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water.

“See, there is a new one!” the youngest child cried.

“Yes, a new swan has come!” the other children shouted. They clapped their hands and danced over the grass to their father and mother, and then ran back again and threw bread and cake into the water.

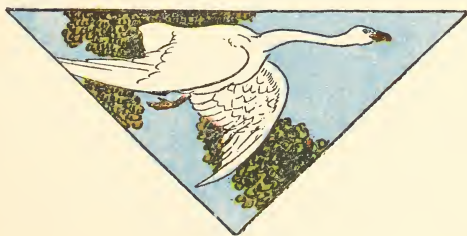
“The new one is the most beautiful swan of all,” they said.

Even the old swans bowed their heads before him.

But the Duckling was ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He was so happy that he did not know what to do. And yet he was not proud, for a good heart is never proud. He remembered all the old, hard days, and now he heard them saying that he

was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The lilacs bent their branches down into the water before him and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried from the depths of his heart:

“I never even dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!”





# The Angel ❖



## When a Good Child Dies

**W**HENEVER a good child dies an angel from Heaven comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, and flies with it to all the places that the child has loved during its lifetime. Then they pick a handful of flowers, which they carry up with them to God, that the fading petals may bloom more brightly in Heaven than ever upon earth.

The good God presses all the flowers

to his heart, and those that He loves best, He kisses. In kissing them He gives them voices, that they may join in the great song of everlasting praise.

All this an Angel told a child as he carried it away with him to Heaven. The little child listened as in a dream. And as in a dream, they passed over all the places in which the little one had played. They passed through gardens full of beautiful, rich flowers.

“Which flower shall we take to plant in Heaven?” asked the Angel.

Near by them stood a tall, slender rosebush, but a careless hand had broken the stem and left the half-open buds withering upon the drooping branch.

“The poor rosebush!” cried the child. “Take the poor rosebush, that it may bloom again in God’s garden.”



# hen a Good Child dies



The Angel took the rose and kissed the child for its kind thought. The little one half opened its dreamy eyes. Then they gathered some more splendid flowers, not forgetting the lowly dandelions and wild violets.

"Now we have enough flowers," said the child.

The Angel nodded, but still they did not rise to Heaven.

### The Flower Loved by the Little Cripple

It was dark at night and very still. The Angel and the little child floated about in the great city. They hovered over one of the narrowest streets, a street littered with heaps of straw, ashes, bits of broken pottery, rags, and pieces of old hats. It was just after moving day, and several families had moved in and out of the small street.

Then the Angel pointed, amid all this rubbish, to a broken flowerpot and to a lump of earth held together by the roots of a large withered wild flower. Some one had thrown the pot out of a window.

“We will take that with us,” said the Angel, “and I will tell you about it as we fly along.

“Down in one of the dark cellars in that narrow street there once lived a poor sick boy. Ever since childhood he had not been able to leave his bed. Only once or twice had he been able to hobble up and down on his crutches—that was all.

“In the summer time the sunbeams shone into the room for half an hour or so each day. Then the little boy would sit at the window in the sunshine, looking at the red blood in his clear, transparent fingers as he held them against the light. On such a



day it would seem almost as if he had been out of doors.

“For a few beech branches brought to him by a neighbor was all that this boy knew of the woods in the fresh springtime. Holding these branches over his head, he would fancy that he sat under the beech trees in the woods, where the sun shone and the birds sang the whole day long.

“But one bright day his friend brought the boy some wild flowers also, and among them, by chance, was one flower with a root. Some one planted it in a pot and placed it near his bed beside the window. The flower grew, put out new shoots, and every year bore many flowers.

“To the sick boy the poor wild flower became as a lovely garden. It was his greatest treasure upon earth. He watered it and tended it, and took care that every ray

of sunlight that came in through the narrow window fell upon its soft green leaves. At night time the boy dreamed of the flower; by day it spread its fragrance about him and gladdened his weary eyes. Toward it he turned when called by the good God to leave this earth.

### The Child in Heaven

“For more than a year now that boy has had his place in the presence of God. And for more than a year the flower had stood withered and forgotten in the window from which it has now been thrown out.

“Yet this very flower has given more pleasure than could the most marvelous flower in the Queen’s whole garden.”

“But how do you know all this?” asked the child in the Angel’s arms.

“Because I myself was the little sick boy



who used to hobble about on crutches. You may be sure that I could not forget my own flower."

The child opened its eyes wide and looked into the beautiful, happy face of the shining Angel.

At the same moment they found themselves in God's Heaven, where all was joy and gladness.

The good God pressed the dead child to His bosom, and it received wings, and flew hand in hand with the other Angel.

And God pressed all the flowers to His heart. But God kissed the poor, withered flower and it received a voice and joined the choir of angels singing in the courts of Heaven.

Some of the angels stood near, and others outside these, in great wide circles stretching out toward Infinity. But all souls were

equally happy, and all sang the glad song,  
great and small—the good child and the poor  
wild flower that had lain upon the rubbish  
heap in the mean, narrow street.



# The New Clothes of the Emperor



## The City is Visited by Two Strangers

**M**ANY years ago there lived an Emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He did not care for his soldiers; he did not care to go to the theater. He liked to drive out in the park only that he might show off his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day. They usually say of a king, "He is in the council chamber." But of the Emperor they said, "He is in the clothes closet!"

It was a gay city in which the Emperor lived. And many strangers came to visit it every day. Among these, one day, there came two rogues who set themselves up as weavers. They said they knew how to weave the most beautiful cloths imaginable. And not only were the colors and patterns used remarkably beautiful, but clothes made from this cloth could not be seen by any one who was unfit for the office he held or was too stupid for any use.

“Those would be fine clothes!” thought the Emperor. “If I wore those I could find out what men in my empire were not fit for the places they held. I could tell the clever men from the dunces! I must have some clothes woven for me at once!”

So he gave the two rogues a great deal of money that they might begin their work at once.

## The Work of the Weavers

The rogues immediately put up two looms and pretended to be working. But there was nothing at all on their looms. They called for the finest silks and the brightest gold, but this they put into their pockets. At the empty looms they worked steadily until late into the night.

“I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my clothes,” thought the Emperor.

But he felt a little uneasy when he thought that any one who was stupid or was not fit for his office would be unable to see the cloth. Of course he had no fears for himself; but still he thought he would send some one else first, just to see how matters stood.

“I will send my faithful old Minister to the weavers,” thought the Emperor. “He can see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever

man, and no one is so careful in fulfilling duties as he is!”

So the good old Minister went into the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

“Mercy on us!” thought the old Minister, opening his eyes wide, “I can’t see a thing!” But he didn’t care to say so.

Both the rascals begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer. They pointed to the empty looms and asked him if he did not think the pattern and the coloring wonderful. The poor old Minister stared and stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for, of course, there was nothing to see!

“Mercy!” he said to himself. “Is it possible that I am a dunce? I never thought so! Certainly no one must know it. Am I unfit for office? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuff!”

“Well, sir, why do you say nothing of it?” asked the rogue who was pretending to weave.

“Oh, it is beautiful—charming!” said the old Minister, peering through his spectacles. “What a fine pattern, and what wonderful colors! I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it.”

“Well, we are glad to hear you say so,” answered the two swindlers.

Then they named all the colors of the invisible cloth upon the looms, and described the peculiar pattern. The old Minister listened intently, so that he could repeat all that was said of it to the Emperor.

### What the Emperor's Friends Thought of the Weaving

The rogues now began to demand more money, more silk, and more gold thread in order to proceed with the weaving. All of



this, of course, went into their pockets. Not a single strand was ever put on the empty looms at which they went on working.

The Emperor soon sent another faithful friend to see how soon the new clothes would be ready. But he fared no better than the Minister. He looked and looked and looked, but still saw nothing but the empty looms.

“Isn’t that a pretty piece of stuff?” asked both rogues, showing and explaining the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

“I am not stupid!” thought the man. “It must be that I am not worthy of my good position. That is, indeed, strange. But I must not let it be known!”

So he praised the cloth he did not see, and expressed his approval of the color and the design that were not there. To the Emperor he said, “It is charming!”



hy he has nothing on



Soon everybody in town was talking about the wonderful cloth that the two rogues were weaving.

## What the Emperor Thought of his New Clothes

The Emperor began to think now that he himself would like to see the wonderful cloth while it was still on the looms. Accompanied by a number of his friends, among whom were the two faithful officers who had already beheld the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the two men who were weaving, might and main, without any fiber and without any thread.

“Isn’t it splendid!” cried the two statesmen who had already been there, and who thought the others would see something upon the empty looms. “Look, your Majesty! What colors! And what a design!”

“What’s this?” thought the Emperor. “I see nothing at all! Am I a dunce? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the worst thing that could happen to me, if it were true.”

“Oh, it is very pretty!” said the Emperor aloud. “It has my highest approval!”

He nodded his head happily, and stared at the empty looms. Never would he say that he could see nothing!

His friends, too, gazed and gazed, but saw no more than had the others. Yet they all cried out, “It is beautiful!” and advised the Emperor to wear a suit made of this cloth in a great procession that was soon to take place.

“It is magnificent, gorgeous!” was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. The Emperor gave each of the rogues a royal ribbon to wear in his buttonhole, and called them the Imperial Court Weavers.

## The Emperor Puts on his New Clothes

The rogues were up the whole night before the morning of the procession. They kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see them hard at work, completing the new clothes of the Emperor. They took yards of stuff down from the empty looms; they made cuts in the air with big scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and, at last, they said, "The clothes are ready!"

The Emperor himself, with his grandest courtiers, went to put on his new suit.

"See!" said the rogues, lifting their arms as if holding something. "Here are the trousers! Here is the coat! Here is the cape!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on. But that is just the beauty of it!"

“Very nice,” said the courtiers. But they could see nothing; for there *was* nothing!

“Will your Imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes,” asked the rogues, “so that we may put on the new ones before this long mirror?”

The Emperor took off all his own clothes, and the two rogues pretended to put on each new garment as it was ready. They wrapped him about, and they tied and they buttoned. The Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

“How well his Majesty looks in his new clothes!” said the people. “How becoming they are! What a pattern! What colors! It is a beautiful dress!”

“They are waiting outside with the canopy which is to be carried over your Majesty in the procession,” said the master of ceremonies.

“I am ready,” said the Emperor. “Don’t



the clothes fit well?" he asked, giving a last glance into the mirror as though he were looking at all his new finery.

## The Procession

The men who were to carry the train of the Emperor's cloak stooped down to the floor as if picking up the train, and then held it high in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

So the Emperor marched along under the bright canopy. Everybody in the streets and at the windows cried out: "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a fine train! And they fit to perfection!"

No one would let it be known that he could see nothing, for that would have proved that he was unfit for office or that he was very, very stupid. None of the Emperor's clothes had ever been as successful as these.



“But he has nothing on!” said a little child.

“Just listen to the innocent!” said its father.

But one person whispered to another what the child had said. “He has nothing on! A child says he has nothing on!”

“But he has nothing on!” at last cried all the people.

The Emperor writhed, for he knew that this was true. But he realized that it would never do to stop the procession. So he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains carried the invisible train.





Rose from the Grave of  
Homer" said he



# A Rose from the Grave of Homer



## The Rose of the Orient

THE Nightingale's love for the rose is celebrated in all the songs of the East. In the silent, starlit nights this winged songster always serenades his lovely, fragrant flower.

Not far from Smyrna the merchants' camels lift their long necks and step proudly about among the tall, stately plantain trees. Wild pigeons fly among the branches, and in the sunlight their wings glisten as if they

were mother-of-pearl. Here, in this beautiful place, I once saw a hedge of blooming roses. There was one flower on the hedge more beautiful than all the rest, and to this one flower the Nightingale constantly poured out his song of love.

### The Rose Remembers Homer

But the Rose remained silent. Not a single dewdrop lay, like a tear of sympathy, upon her petals. Instead, she bent her head lovingly over a heap of stones.

“Here rests the greatest singer of the world!” said the Rose. “Over his grave will I pour out my fragrance, and over it shall the winds scatter my petals. He who sang of Troy returned to earth here, and from that earth have I sprung. I, a rose from the grave of Homer, am too sacred to bloom for the joy of a nightingale.”

And the Nightingale sang himself to death.

When the camel driver came with his laden camels and his black slaves his little son found the dead bird and buried it in the grave of the great Homer.

## The Dream of the Rose

The Rose trembled in the wind. Night came, and the Rose, wrapping her leaves more closely about her, had a dream:

On a beautiful sunshiny day a crowd of strange men came on a pilgrimage to the grave of Homer. Among the strangers was a singer from the North—from the land of clouds and mists and wonderful Northern Lights. He broke off the Rose, pressed it between the leaves of a book, and then carried it away to another part of the world, to his distant home. And there in the narrow book the Rose faded with

grief until, in that northern land, the poet opened his book, saying,

“Here is a rose from the grave of Homer.”

### The Dream's Fulfillment

This is what the flower dreamed before it awoke in the morning, shivering in the wind.

A drop of dew fell from the Rose's leaves upon the great singer's grave. The day grew very hot. In the warm sun of Asia the Rose became more beautiful, more perfect than ever before.

Then footsteps were heard, and the strange travelers of whom the flower had dreamed came up to the grave of Homer. Among them was the poet from the North. He broke off the Rose, pressed a kiss upon its dewy petals, and carried it away with him to the home of mists and Northern Lights!

The faded petals of the Rose rest now



within the poet's Iliad, and, as in a dream,  
the Rose hears him say when he opens  
the book,

“Here is a rose from the grave of Homer.”





# The Constant Tin Soldier



## The Tin Soldier Meets the Little Dancer

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers—all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon.

They shouldered their muskets and looked straight before them. They wore splendid uniforms of red and blue. When the lid was taken off the box in which they lay, the first words they heard in the world were, "Tin Soldiers!" This was said by a little

boy who clapped his hands with joy because the soldiers had been given to him for his birthday.

Each soldier was exactly like the others, except one that had but one leg because he had been born last and there had not been enough tin to finish him. But he stood as well upon his one leg as the others did upon their two. And this is the one soldier that did anything at all worth talking about.

Of all the other toys that stood on the table on which the Tin Soldier had been placed, the one that attracted most attention was a castle made of cardboard. Through its little windows one could see straight into the many rooms. Outside of the castle little trees stood about a small lake that was made of looking-glass. Swans of wax swam on this lake and, looking downward, saw their reflections in the clear water.



# balancing on one toe



But, pretty as this was, the prettiest thing of all was a little lady standing in the open door of the cardboard castle. She, too, was cut out of paper; and she wore a dress of the purest gauze. A little narrow ribbon was worn over her shoulders like a scarf, and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose.

The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then lifted one foot so high in the air that the soldier could not see it at all, and so thought that she, like himself, had only one leg!

“That would be just the wife for me,” thought the Tin Soldier, “if only she were not too grand!

“She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It would be no place for her! Still, I must try to make friends with her.”

So he hid himself safely behind a snuff-box, where he could easily watch the dainty Little Dancer who stood on one leg without losing her balance.

## The Goblin Threatens the Tin Soldier

Late in the evening all the other soldiers were put in their box and the people of the house went to bed.

Then the toys began to play. They made visits, fought battles, and gave parties. The tin soldiers wanted to join the games; they rattled and rattled in their box, but could not get the lid off. The nutcracker turned handsprings, and the pencil drew figures on the slate. There was so much noise that the Canary woke up and began to talk poetry.

Only the Tin Soldier and the Little Dancer did not move from their places. She

stood straight up on the point of one toe, and held up her arms; and he was just as steady as ever upon his one leg. He never turned his eyes away from her.

Twelve o'clock struck and—pop! up flew the lid of the snuffbox! There was no snuff in it at all! There was only a little black goblin, a sort of a Jack-in-the-Box.

“Tin Soldier!” said the Goblin, “don’t stare at things that don’t concern you!”

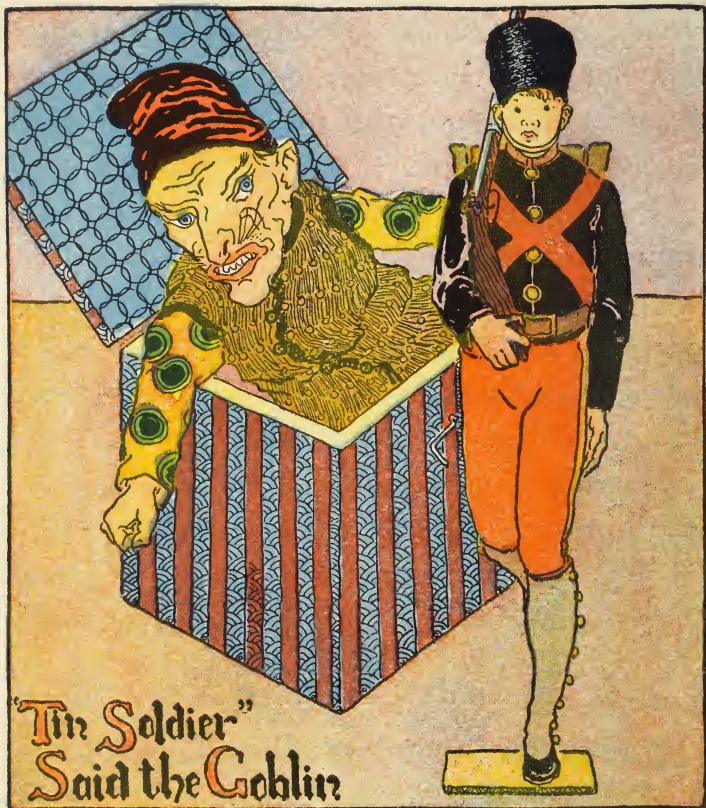
But the Tin Soldier gave no sign of hearing him.

“Just you wait then till to-morrow!” said the Goblin.

## The Tin Soldier Starts on a Journey

And in the morning, when the children got up, one of them put the Tin Soldier on the window sill. Now whether it was the Goblin or the wind that did it we don’t





**'Tin Soldier'**  
**Said the Goblin**

know; but true it is that all at once the window flew open and the Tin Soldier fell,



headforemost, all the way down from the third story to the street below. It was a terrible fall! The Tin Soldier turned over and over in the air, and when at last he landed, his bayonet stuck between the paving stones and his one leg was straight up in the air!

The maidservant and the little boy ran down at once to look for the Tin Soldier. But, although they almost trod upon him, they could not see him anywhere.

If the Tin Soldier had once called out "Here I am!" they would have found him. But the Tin Soldier, being in uniform, did not think it proper to shout for help.

Suddenly it began to rain. Each drop fell faster than the last, and soon the water poured down in a stream. When the rain was over at last, two street boys came along.

"Just look!" cried one. "There's a Tin Soldier! He shall go for a sail!"

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it. He sailed away down the gutter, while the two street boys ran along, clapping their hands.

Goodness, how the waves did roll in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and up and down, and sometimes whirled around in such a hurry that the Tin Soldier trembled. But he stood steady and never moved a muscle. He looked straight before him and held tight to his musket.

### The Tin Soldier in a Shipwreck

All at once the boat shot into a long drain tunnel, and it became as dark as it had been in his box at home.

“Where am I going now?” thought the Tin Soldier. “Oh, yes, of course it’s the

Goblin's doing! But if the Little Dancer only sat here beside me, it might be twice as dark for all I should care!"

At this moment a big water rat who lived in the tunnel called out to the Tin Soldier, "Have you a pass? Give me your passport!"

But the Tin Soldier kept still and clung all the tighter to his musket.

The boat rushed on and on, and the rat swam after it. Whew! how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to the bits of stick and stone: "Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid toll! He hasn't shown his passport!"

But the tide became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the tunnel ended. Then he heard a roaring sound that well might have frightened a braver man.

Think! Just where the drain ended, the stream ran into a big canal! That was as

dangerous for the Tin Soldier as going over a great waterfall would be for us.

But he was so near the end that he could not stop. The boat dashed over the edge of the drain into the deep canal.

The Tin Soldier held himself as stiff as he could. No one could say that he moved an eyelid.

The boat swirled round, and round, and round. At last it filled up to the brim with water; it must sink.

The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water. The boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper kept dropping to pieces. At last, as the water went over the Tin Soldier's head, he thought of the pretty, pretty Little Dancer whom he was never to see again. In his ears rang the words of the song,

“Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,  
For thou shalt die to-day.”

At last the paper boat gave way entirely and the Tin Soldier fell through—but just at that moment he was snapped up by a big fish!

### The Tin Soldier Sees Daylight Once More

Oh, how dark it was inside that fish! It was even darker than it had been in the tunnel. It was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier was as sturdy as ever, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

Suddenly the fish rushed about hither and thither. It made the most frantic movements. And then at last it lay perfectly still for a long, long time. Then something flashed through the darkness like lightning.

The Tin Soldier was once more in broad daylight, and a voice cried aloud:

“The Tin Soldier!”

The fish had been caught, carried to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a knife.

She picked up the soldier around the waist with her finger and thumb and carried him into the parlor, where every one wanted to see the famous person who had traveled about inside of a fish.

But the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They sat him up on the table, and there—no! How could it be? The Tin Soldier found himself in the very same room that he had been in before!

He saw the same children. The same toys stood upon the table. And there was the same cardboard castle with the Little Dancer standing in the open door! She was still standing on one leg with the other one held away up in the air.

The Tin Soldier was so touched by all

this that he could hardly keep from weeping tin tears. But a soldier must not cry! He looked at her and she looked at him, and neither said a word!

### The Constant Tin Soldier Finds the Little Dancer Constant unto Death

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and without rhyme or reason flung him into the fire. No doubt the Goblin in the snuffbox was to blame for that!

The Tin Soldier stood there in the blazing light. He felt a heat that was terrible; but whether it came from the fire or from the love in his heart, he did not know.

All the colors had faded out of his uniform; but whether that had been caused by the dangers he had been through or by his grief, no one could say.

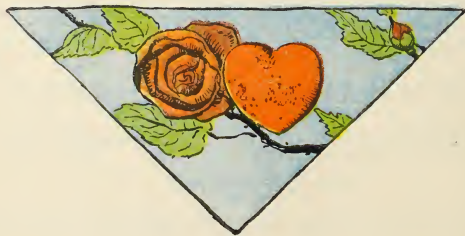
He looked at the Little Dancer; she looked



at him. He felt that he was melting; but he held himself straight and stiff and shouldered his gun bravely.

Then, suddenly, the door blew open, the wind caught the Little Dancer, and she flew straight into the fire to the Tin Soldier— flashed up in a flame, and was gone!

Then, indeed, the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the maidservant took out the ashes next day she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. And of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.



# The Little Match Girl.



## The Little Girl on the Doorstep

LATE on a cold, snowy New Year's Eve a poor little girl was wandering through the dark, dreary streets of a large city. She was bareheaded and barefooted. When she left home, indeed, she had had slippers on; but, as they had belonged to her mother and were very large, they had fallen off when the little girl was running across the street to get out of the way of two carriages rolling by. One of the slippers she

could not find, and a boy had run off with the other, saying that it would do for a cradle when he had children of his own.

So the little girl had to walk along without any shoes on. Her feet were red and blue with the cold. In her old apron the little girl carried a great many matches, and she held up a small bundle of them in her hand. But nobody had bought any of her all day long. Nobody had given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, the poor little girl crept along the streets, a picture of perfect misery. The snowflakes fell on the long golden hair that grew about her face in soft curls. But she thought nothing of that.

Lights were shining from every window. In the streets, even, was a delicious odor of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve, she remembered.



But nobody bought any



Oh, yes, she thought all the time of that!

At last, in a corner framed by two houses, she crouched down, drawing up her feet under her. But she grew colder every moment. She did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and her father would be sure to beat her because she had not earned a single penny.

Besides, it was hardly colder here than at home, for there they had barely a roof over the house, and the wind whistled through the cracks of the roof in spite of the rags and straw stuffed into them.

### What the Matches Showed Her

The poor little girl's hands were numb with the cold. One match would do some good, if she only dared draw it out of the package and strike it on the wall to warm her fingers!

She drew one out. R-r-atch! How it sputtered into a blaze! The match burned with a clear white flame like a candle's when she held her hands around it. It was a curious flame, too. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with polished brass feet and a brass cover. But, just as she was stretching out her feet to warm them, the blaze went out, the stove vanished, and she was left sitting with the end of the burnt-out match in her cold little fingers.

She struck another match. It burned; it blazed up; and when the light shone on the bricks the wall became as transparent as gauze, and she saw straight through it into the room.

The table was spread with a snow-white cloth and pretty china, and on it was a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples



and dried plums. And, best of all, the goose hopped down from the table, with knife and fork sticking in its breast, and waddled across the room to the little girl.

But just then the match went out, and there was nothing to be seen but the thick, dark wall.

Again she lit another match. This time she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more gayly decorated than the one she had seen when she peeped through the doors of the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of candles burned on its branches. Colored pictures, like those she had seen in shop windows, looked down upon her. She stretched her hands up to them; then out went the match!

But the Christmas candles rose higher and higher, and she saw at last that they were the



twinkling stars of Heaven. One of them fell, making a bright streak across the sky.

“Some one is dying,” thought the little girl.

Her old grandmother, the only person who had ever been kind to her, used to say:

“When a star falls, a soul is going up to God.”

The little girl struck still another match against the wall, and now in the circle of flame appeared her old grandmother, shining radiantly, mild and lovely.

“Grandmother! Grandmother!” cried the child. “Oh, take me with you! I know that you will go away when the match burns out! You will vanish like the warm stove, the good food, and the Christmas tree! Take me with you!”

### She Finds Happiness at Last

Then she hurriedly struck a whole bundle

of matches, so that she might keep her grandmother with her as long as she could. ' The light of the matches made everything as bright as day. Her grandmother had never before looked so kind and so beautiful. She lifted the little girl in her arms, and they both flew joyfully above the earth, up, up to where there was no cold, no hunger, no pain.

They were with God.

In the morning light the poor little girl was discovered sitting there, with flushed cheeks and smiling lips—dead. She had frozen to death on the last night of the old year. The New Year's sun rose on the body of a little girl that still sat between the houses with the ends of the burnt-out matches in her hands.

"She must have tried to warm herself with them," the people said.

But nobody knew what beautiful visions the little girl had seen, nor in what peace and happiness she had entered with her grandmother upon the high glories of her New Year's Day!



# The Leaping Match



## The Reward Offered by the King

THE Flea, the Grasshopper, and the Frog once decided to have a contest to see which could jump the highest. They invited the whole world, and everybody else that chose to come, to the festival.

That the contestants were three fine athletes any one could see as soon as he came into the room where the contest was to take place.

“I will give my daughter to the one

that jumps highest," said the King. "It is not half enough exciting when there is no reward offered."

### What Each Contestant Had to Say for Himself

The Flea was the first to step forward. He bowed to the company on every side, for he had beautiful manners. He had noble blood in him, and was used to associating with men. That, of course, had been of benefit to him.

Next came the Grasshopper. He was not quite so finely formed as the Flea, but he, too, had good manners. He wore a bright green uniform, to which his birth entitled him. For he was born of a very ancient Egyptian family. He said that he had been thought a great deal of in the house from which he came to attend the

meeting. This was a three-story card-house, built with the colored sides of the cards turned inwards, and the doors and the windows cut out of the Queen of Hearts.

“I sing so well,” said he, “that sixteen parlor-bred crickets, who have chirped all their lives and have yet had no one build them card-houses to live in, have fretted themselves thinner than they were before from hearing me.”

Thus the Flea and the Grasshopper gave an account of themselves. Each thought himself quite good enough to marry the Princess.

The Leap Frog said nothing. But perhaps he thought the more. The House Dog, who snuffed at him, admitted that he was of good family. The old Councilor asserted that the Leap Frog was a prophet, for one could see on his back whether the

coming winter was to be warm or cold. And that is more than one can see by the back of the man who writes the almanac!

“I say nothing at present,” said the King, “but I have my own opinion, you may be sure.”

## Who Won the Princess

Now the match began.

The Flea jumped so high no one could see what had become of him. So every one insisted he had not jumped at all, which was a very tricky way to behave, considering the way he had talked about himself.

The Grasshopper leaped only half as high, but he leaped straight into the King's face. Naturally, the King thought that disgustingly rude.

For a long, long time the Leap Frog sat still as if lost in thought. People



began to fear that he would not jump at all.

“I hope he is not ill,” said the House Dog, and he went to snuff at him again, when—pop! up he leapt sideways into the lap of the Princess, who sat close by on a little gold stool!

“There is nothing higher than my daughter,” said the King. “A jump into her lap is the highest jump that can be made. Only a clever person could have thought of that. Thus the Frog has shown that he has sense. He has brains in his head, and nothing else!”

So the Leap Frog won the Princess.

### What the Unlucky Suitors Thought

“It’s all the same to me,” said the Flea. “She may have the Leap Frog for all I care. I jumped the highest, but in this world no one gets what he deserves. Outward



When pop! he leapt sidewise  
into the lap of the Princess



show is all that people look at nowadays.”

Then the Flea went to war in a foreign country, where, it is said, he lost his life.

The Grasshopper sat outside on a green bank and marveled on the ways of the wicked world.

“Yes, dullness and heaviness win the day. The clothes you wear on your back are all that count!”

Then he began crying his own peculiar, melancholy song. And from that song we have taken this history. Although it stands here printed in black and white it may not, after all, be entirely true.



# Hans Clodhopper.



## The Two Clever Sons Start to Court

FAR away in the country stood a large, rambling old house in which there lived an old Squire and his three grown sons. Two of these sons, who thought themselves too clever by far, had made up their minds to woo the King's Daughter; for she had publicly announced that she would take for her husband that man who had most to say for himself.

The two smart youths took a week to prepare themselves. That was all the time they had, but it was enough for them, as they already had many accomplishments.

One of them knew the entire Latin dictionary by heart and could repeat, backwards or forwards, all that had been in the town newspaper for the last three years.

The other one had read all the laws of the world, and knew by heart everything that an alderman has to know. So he was sure that he would be able to talk brilliantly about affairs of state. He was also very clever with his fingers; he could embroider harness with roses and beautiful designs.

“I shall win the King’s Daughter!” cried each of these sons.

Their old father gave them two handsome horses. The Latin scholar had a black horse, while the lawyer’s was milk-white.

Before they started the youths rubbed the corners of their mouths with sweet oil to make them run easily.

Then, while all the servants stood about in the yard watching the two brothers mount their fine horses, the third brother put in an appearance. Almost every one forgot that there were three sons, for this one knew nothing that his brothers knew, and, indeed, people usually called him Hans Clodhopper.

### Hans Wishes to Join his Brothers

“Where are you going with your Sunday clothes on?” asked Hans Clodhopper.

“To court, to talk ourselves into favor with the King’s Daughter. Haven’t you heard the news that has spread like wildfire through the country?” And then they told him what the King’s Daughter had declared.



“By my stars,” said Hans Clodhopper, “then I must go too!”

But his two brothers burst out laughing and rode away.

“Father,” said Hans, “give me a horse, too. I feel desperately inclined to get married! If she takes me, she takes me; and if she doesn’t take me, then I’ll take her, for she shall be mine!”

“Nonsense!” said his old father, “I have no horse to give you. You have nothing to say for yourself. Your brothers, now, speak like statesmen.”

“Well,” said Hans Clodhopper, “if I can’t have a horse, then I’ll take the old billy goat. He belongs to me, and he can carry me very well!”

He threw himself astride the billy goat, dug his heels into its sides, and galloped off down the highroad like a hurricane.



“Hei, houp! Here I come!” cried Hans Clodhopper. And he shouted and sang until the air rang with the echoes of his voice.

## He Finds Odd Treasures by the Wayside

His brothers, meantime, rode on in silence. They did not say a word to each other, for they were storing up all the bright ideas that they intended to use for the benefit of the King's Daughter.

“Halloo! Here I come!” shouted Hans Clodhopper, as he rode up to them. “See what I've found on the highroad!”

He showed them a dead crow.

“What on earth are you going to do with that, Clodhopper?” asked his two brothers.

“Why, give it to the King's Daughter!” answered Hans.

“I would!” laughed his brothers.

“Halloo! Here I come again! Just see what I’ve found now! You don’t find that on the highroad every day!”

“Hans,” said they, “that’s nothing but a piece of an old wooden shoe. Are you going to give that to the Princess, too?”

“Why, of course I am!” replied Hans Clodhopper.

Again the two clever brothers rode ahead, laughing.

“Hip, hip, hoorah!” once more shouted Hans Clodhopper. “Hip, hip, hoorah! Now this is really extraordinary!”

“Well, what is it this time?” asked the brothers.

“I hardly have breath to tell you! Won’t the Princess be delighted?”

“Why, it’s only sand picked up out of the ditch!”

“That’s exactly what it is,” said Hans Clodhopper. “The finest kind of sand, too. It is so fine you can hardly keep it from slipping through your fingers!”

## The Fate of the Two Clever Brothers

Now his brothers galloped on as fast as they could and arrived at the town gate a whole hour before Hans.

At the gate each suitor received a number, and all were placed in rows, six in each line. They were packed so closely together that they could not move their arms, and that was a good thing; they surely would have come to blows if they had had the free use of their arms. For each wanted to be ahead of the others.

All the people of the city were gathered about the castle, some peeping into the very

windows, to see the Princess receive her suitors.

But as each suitor stepped into the room he immediately lost the power of speech.

“Good for nothing!” said the King’s Daughter. “Away with him!”

Soon it came the turn of that brother who knew the entire Latin dictionary by heart. But no sooner had he stepped inside the room than he forgot it completely. The boards seemed to crack beneath his feet, and the ceiling was polished like a mirror, so that he kept seeing himself standing on his head. At every window sat three clerks and a chief reporter, who wrote down every single word that was said, so that it might be printed in the newspapers and sold at the street corners. They had, moreover, made such a fire in the stove that the room was red hot.

“It is dreadfully warm here,” said the first brother.

“That is because my father is going to roast young chickens to-day.”

Baa! There he stood like a baa-lamb. He had not expected a conversation of this sort, and just when he wanted to say something especially witty, he could not think of a word!

“No good!” said the Princess. “Away with him!”

And out he went.

Then came the second brother.

“It is terribly hot here,” he said.

“Yes, we are roasting young chickens to-day.”

“What—what did you—what—?”

And all the reporters wrote down just that.

“Good for nothing!” said the Princess.  
“Off with him!”

## The Fate of Hans Clodhopper

Then came the turn of Hans Clodhopper. He rode straight into the hall on his billy goat.

“What a blazing heat you have here!” he exclaimed.

“That is because we are roasting chickens,” answered the King’s Daughter.

“That’s lucky!” said Hans Clodhopper. “Perhaps you’ll let me have a crow cooked at the same time?”

“Certainly,” said the King’s Daughter. “But have you anything to roast it in? For I have neither pot nor pan.”

“Yes, I have,” answered Hans. “Here is a splendid kettle!”

He brought out the old piece of a wooden shoe and put the crow into it.

“Well, that is a great dish!” said the King’s Daughter. “But where shall we get any dripping to baste it with?”



**P**erhaps you'll let me have a  
Crow cooked at the same time



“Oh, I have some in my pocket—enough and to spare.” And he poured a little of the wet sand out of his pocket.

“Now, I like that!” said the Princess. “You have an answer for everything and something to say for yourself. I don’t mind having you for a husband. But do you know that every word you say will be in the paper to-morrow? At every window sit three reporters and a head reporter, and he is the worst of all, for he always twists everything that is said into something much worse than it really is!”

She said this to frighten Hans Clodhopper. The reporters all chuckled with joy and threw ink out of their pens upon the floor.

“Oh, those are the gentlemen, are they?” said Hans Clodhopper. “Then I will give to the head reporter the best thing that I have to say for myself!” And he turned out

his pockets and flung the sand straight into the head reporter's face!

"That was neatly done!" said the Princess. "I could not have done that, but I shall try to learn."

So Hans Clodhopper was made king; he married a wife, received a crown, and sat upon a throne.

At least, that is what we read in the head reporter's paper, but that, of course, is not altogether to be depended upon.





On the road he met an old  
Witch



# The Tinder Box



## The Soldier Returns from the Wars

A SOLDIER came marching along the highroad—one, two! one, two! He had a knapsack on his back and his sword by his side. He had been to the wars and was now on his way home.

On the road he met an old Witch, who was very ugly. Her lower lip hung far down upon her chin.

“Good evening, Soldier,” said she. “What



a fine sword you have! And what a big knapsack! You're a fine soldier! You shall now have as much money as you wish!"

"Thank you kindly, old Witch," said the Soldier.

"Do you see that big tree?" asked the Witch, pointing to a tree close beside them. "It is hollow inside. Climb up to the top and you'll see a hole through which you can let yourself down deep into the tree. I'll tie a rope around your waist, so that I can pull you up again when you call me."

"What am I to do down in the tree?" asked the Soldier.

"Get money," said the Witch. "Listen to me. When you get down to the bottom of the tree you will find yourself in a wide hall. It is very light there, for over three hundred lamps are burning. There you will see three doors, which you can open, for the





keys are hanging beside them. In the first room you will see a large chest in the middle

of the floor. A dog sits on the top of it, and he has eyes as big as saucers. But you needn't mind that. I will give you my blue-checked apron to spread out on the floor. Then go up quickly and take the dog and put him upon the apron. You can then open the chest and take as much money as you want to. It is all copper, but if you like silver better, go into the next room.

"There sits a dog with eyes as big as mill wheels. But never mind that. Put the dog on my apron and take the money. And if you want gold, too, you can have it—as much as you can carry—if you go into the third room.

"But the dog that sits on the money chest there has eyes as big as round towers! But you needn't be afraid for all that. Only put him on my apron and you can take out as many gold pieces as you like."

“That’s not so bad,” said the Soldier. “But what am I to give you, old Witch? For you do not tell me this for nothing, I fancy.”

“No,” said the Witch, “I do not want a single penny. I only want you to bring me an old Tinder Box that my grandmother forgot when she was down there last.”

“Then tie the rope round my waist,” said the Soldier.

“All right,” said the Witch, “and here is my blue-checked apron.”

### What the Soldier Found down in the Tree

Then the Soldier climbed up the tree and let himself slide down the hollow trunk until he found himself, as the Witch had said, in the wide hall where the many hundred lamps were burning.

He opened the first door. Hah! There sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers, staring at him.

“You’re a nice fellow!” cried the Soldier as he set the dog on the Witch’s apron and took from the chest as many copper coins as his pockets would hold. Then he locked the chest, put the dog back on the top of it, and went into the second room.

Hah! There sat the dog with eyes as big as mill wheels.

“Don’t stare at me so hard,” said the Soldier. “You might get a pain in your eyes.”

But when he put the dog on the blue-checked apron and saw all the silver in this chest, he threw away the copper money and stuffed his pockets and his knapsack with silver.

Then he went into the third room. And the horrible dog there had eyes really as big

as round towers. They rolled round and round in his head like wheels.

“Good evening,” said the Soldier, putting his hand to his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after looking at him more closely he waited no longer, but lifted the huge dog down on the apron and opened the chest. What a lot of gold was there! He could buy a whole city with it! He could buy all the sugar candies from the cake women, all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the world!

He threw away all the silver that he had put in his pockets and knapsack, and filled them with gold instead. Yes, his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots were so full of gold pieces that he could hardly walk. He had enough money now. He put the dog back on the chest, shut the door, and called up through the tree:

“Haul me up now, you old Witch!”

“Have you the Tinder Box?” the Witch called to him.

“Oh, to be sure! I forgot that!” cried the Soldier, going back to get it.

The Witch hauled him up, and there he stood on the highroad again, with pockets and boots, cap and knapsack, all bulging with gold!

“What are you going to do with the Tinder Box?” asked the Soldier.

“That’s nothing to you!” said the Witch. “You’ve got the money. Now just give me the Tinder Box.”

“Nonsense!” said he. “Tell me at once what you are going to do with it, or I’ll draw my sword and cut off your head!”

“No!” said the Witch.

So the Soldier cut off her head, and she lay there still. The Soldier tied up all his



money in her apron, slung it on his back like a pack, put the Tinder Box in his pocket, and marched straight off to town.

## The Soldier Goes to the City a Rich Man

He marched straight to the finest hotel in the beautiful city, took the best rooms, and ordered all the things that he liked best to eat; for now he was a very rich man with plenty of money.

The servant who had to clean his boots certainly thought that they were rather poor looking for such a rich gentleman to be wearing, for the Soldier had not yet had time to buy new boots. But the next day he bought new shoes and beautiful clothes.

The Soldier was now a fine gentleman. The people pointed out to him all the best things in their city, and told him about their King and his beautiful daughter, the Princess.

“Where may she be seen?” asked the Soldier.

“She is not to be seen at all,” said the people. “She lives in a great copper castle surrounded with walls and towers. No one but the King dares go in or out, for it has been prophesied that she will marry a common soldier, and the King cannot bear the thought of that!”

“Well, I should like to see her,” thought the Soldier. But, of course, there was no way for him to do this.

So he lived merrily, went to the theaters, drove in the King’s garden, and gave money to the poor, for he remembered how hard it had been when he had not a penny in his pocket. Now he was rich and had many friends, who all told him what a fine fellow he was, and what a perfect gentleman! He liked to be told this.

But as he spent money every day and never earned any, he at last had only a few pennies left. He had to leave his nice rooms and live in a little garret under the roof. He had to clean his own boots and mend them with a darning needle. None of his friends came to see him; there were too many stairs to climb.

### The Soldier, Poor again, Recalls the Old Tinder Box

One dark evening, when the Soldier had not even enough money to buy himself a candle, he suddenly remembered that there was a little piece of candle in the old Tinder Box that he had brought out of the hollow tree into which the old Witch had let him down. He opened the Tinder Box and found the candle end. But as soon as he struck fire and the sparks flew up from the

flint, the door burst open and the dog with eyes as big as saucers, that he had last seen down in under the tree, stood before him and said:

“What does my lord command?”

“What!” cried the Soldier. “This is a fine kind of a Tinder Box if I can get whatever I want with it!

“Get me some money!” he said to the dog.

*Whisk!* the dog was gone, and *whisk!* he was back again with a big bag full of money in his mouth.

So the Soldier found out what a treasure the Tinder Box was. If he struck it once, the dog came that had sat upon the chest of copper money. If he struck it twice, the dog came that had silver. If he struck it three times, there came the dog with gold. He moved back to his fine rooms and appeared again in handsome clothes. All his old

friends knew him once more, and liked him as much as ever.

## The Soldier Meets the Princess

Then, one day, he thought to himself: "It's a curious thing that no man can catch a glimpse of the Princess. Every one says that she is beautiful. But what is the good of that if she has to be shut up always in the copper castle with the many towers? Why can I not manage to see her? Where is my Tinder Box?" He struck a light, and *whisk!* came the dog with eyes as big as saucers.

"I know that it's midnight," said the Soldier, "but I certainly should like to see the Princess, if but for a single moment."

The dog was out of the door in an instant, and before the Soldier had time to think about it he was back again with the Princess, asleep on his back. So beautiful was she

that anybody could see that she was a real princess. The Soldier could not help kissing her, for he was a most true soldier. Then the dog ran back again with the Princess.

Now when morning came and the King and Queen were having breakfast, the Princess told them that she had had a strange dream the night before about a dog and a soldier. She had ridden upon the dog's back and the soldier had kissed her.

"That's a fine story!" said the Queen. And after this an old lady in waiting had to sit by the Princess' bed at night to see if this were in truth only a dream, or something else.

The Soldier wished so much to see the Princess again that at night the big dog went to get her. He took her upon his back and ran as fast as he could. But the old lady in waiting put on her goloshes and ran just as fast after them. Seeing them disappear in a





large house, she put a big chalk cross on the

gate, thinking, "Now I shall know where it is!" Then she went home and lay down; and presently the dog came back with the Princess.

But when the dog saw that there was a cross drawn on the door where the Soldier lived, he took a bit of chalk and made big crosses on all the doors in town, so that the old lady in waiting could not possibly find the right door when every door in town had a cross upon it.

Early in the morning the King, the Queen, the lady in waiting, and all the courtiers went to see where the Princess had been carried.

"There it is," said the King, when he saw the first door with a cross on it.

"No, my dear husband, it is there," said the Queen, who saw another door with a cross marked upon it.

“But there is one! And there is another!” cried out all the people. They soon saw that they could never find the right house in this way.

But the Queen was a very clever woman who knew more than how to ride in a coach. She cut up a piece of silk with her big gold scissors and made a little bag which she filled with fine wheat flour. This she tied to the Princess. Then she cut a small hole in the bag so that the flour would be sifted out along the way the Princess went.

At night the dog came again, took the Princess on his back, and carried her off to the Soldier. The Soldier loved the Princess. He wished very much that he were a Prince so that he could have the Princess for his wife.

The dog did not notice that the flour streamed out from the castle to the Soldier's

window, where he came up the wall with the Princess.

In the morning the King and Queen saw easily enough where their daughter had been, and they seized the Soldier and threw him into prison.

### The Soldier in Prison

It was dark and tiresome there for the Soldier. One day, after he had sat there miserably a long time, they said to him, "To-morrow you are to be hanged!"

That was not amusing to hear, especially as he had not had a chance to bring his Tinder Box with him from the hotel.

The next morning, through the iron grating of the little window, he could see the people hurrying out of town to witness the hanging. He heard the drums and saw the soldiers marching by. Among the crowd

was a shoemaker's boy in his leathern apron and slippers. He was running so fast that one of his slippers flew off and fell right against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the iron grating.

"Hello, you shoemaker's boy, you needn't be in such a hurry!" cried the Soldier to him. "It will not begin until I come. But if you will run to the house where I used to live, and bring me my old Tinder Box, you can earn a penny. But you must put your best foot foremost!"

The shoemaker's boy wanted to have the penny, so he tore off to get the Tinder Box, gave it to the Soldier, and—now you shall hear what happened.

## What Really Did Happen Last of All

Outside the town a high scaffold had been built. And around it stood the soldiers

and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of people. The King and Queen sat on a splendid throne opposite the judges and the councilors.

The Soldier mounted the ladder. As they were about to put the rope around his neck he said that before a poor man was hanged a last, innocent request was always granted him. He wanted very much to smoke a pipe of tobacco, as it would be his last pipe in this world.

The King could not refuse him this. So the Soldier took his Tinder Box, and struck fire. He struck once; he struck twice; he struck three times. And there stood all the dogs,—the one with eyes as big as saucers, the one with eyes as big as mill wheels, the one with eyes as big as big round towers!

“Help me! Save me from being hanged!” cried the Soldier.



The dogs rushed at the soldiers and the councilors. They seized one by the legs and another by the nose, and threw them away up in the air so that when they fell down they were broken all to pieces.

“I won’t!” cried the King.

But the biggest dog took both him and the Queen and threw them after the others.

Then the soldiers became afraid, and everybody shouted, “Oh, good Soldier, you shall be our King and marry the beautiful Princess!”

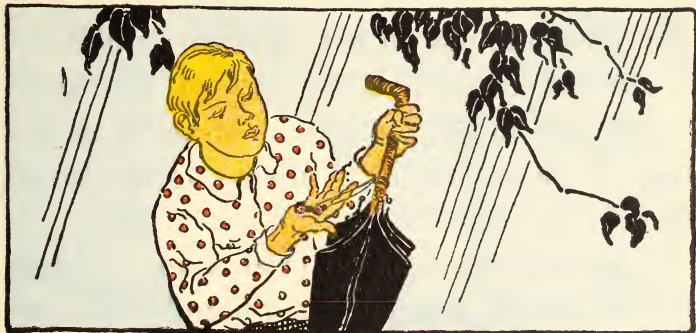
So they put the Soldier into the King’s chariot, and all the three dogs danced along in front of him and shouted, “Hurrah! Hurrah!” The boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms.

The Princess came out of the copper castle and was made Queen. And that pleased her very much.

The wedding took place in a week. And all the dogs had seats at the table, where they sat staring with all their eyes.



# Luck may lie in a Stick



## How Luck Comes

I AM going to tell you a story about Luck. All of us know Luck. Some have Luck year in, year out. Some have Luck only once or twice a year; some, indeed, only one single day. Yes, there are some of us that have Luck only once in a lifetime. But to all of us Luck does come one time or another.

For you all know that when our Lord

sends a little child here, He also sends along with it its **Good Luck**. This Good Luck is not, however, placed near the little child, but is hidden away in some part of the world where one might look for it least. Yet you may be sure that it is always to be found at last.

Luck was once placed in an apple. When that apple fell, a certain man found his Luck. That man was Newton. If you do not know that story, ask some one to tell it to you. Just now I have another story to tell you, and mine is not about an apple, but about a pear.

### How Luck Once Came to a Poor Man

There once lived a poor man who was born poor, who had grown up poor, and who was poor when he married.

He was a turner by trade. That is, he made umbrella handles and umbrella rings on a lathe. But the poor man earned only enough money by this work to live from day to day, or from hand to mouth, as the saying is.

“I shall never find *my* Luck,” said he.

(Now this is a true story. I could tell you the country and the town in which the man lived, if that mattered.)

Around this man's house, and in his garden, the mountain-ash bloomed and its sour, red berries ripened as if they were the choicest fruit.

In his garden, too, stood a pear tree, but it had never borne a pear. Yet on this very tree was his Luck placed—in an unformed pear.

One night there was a windstorm. The wind blew as if it would never stop. Next

day the newspapers said that the big stage-coach had been lifted up from the road and thrown down again like a lump of clay. It was not at all strange, then, that a big branch should have been broken off from the pear tree in the garden.

This branch was taken into the workshop and the man turned out of it, just for fun, a big pear, and another big pear, a small pear, and then several very, very small pears.

"The tree shall bear pears at least once in its lifetime," he laughed, and gave the pears to his little children to play with.

There is one thing that one must have in a country where it rains, and that is an umbrella. Now this family had only one umbrella for all of them.

When the wind blew very hard the old umbrella sometimes turned inside out. Two





It will bear fruit for once  
said he



or three times it broke; but then the man mended it quickly, for that, you see, was his own kind of work.

But as for the button and string that kept the umbrella together when it was closed, that was forever breaking just as one started to fold up the umbrella.

One day the button broke again. While the man was hunting for it on the floor he happened to get hold of one of the little pears that he had given the children.

“I can’t find the button,” he said, “but this little thing will do.”

He bored a hole through the pear, pulled a cord through it, and it filled the place of the button very well. In fact, it was the best thing to hold an umbrella together that he had ever seen.

Next year, when the man had to send umbrella handles to the city, he sent also a

few of the small wooden fasteners which he had turned out of the pear tree. These were put on some umbrellas that were sent to America, and there the people soon found out that the little pear was the best possible kind of an umbrella clasp.

The merchants ordered that all umbrellas were to be fitted with such fasteners. So now the man was kept busy! Pears by the thousands were needed! He turned and he turned!

The whole pear tree was used for little wooden pears; they brought him pennies, and they brought him dollars.

“In that pear tree my Luck was placed,” the man said.

For now he had a big workshop with plenty of people to help him, and he was always happy, and he often said to them, “Luck may lie in a stick!”

And that is what I also say who tell this  
story,

“Luck may lie in a stick!”



# The Story of Hans Christian Andersen



## Hans Christian Andersen

Born April 2, 1805; died August 4, 1875

**H**ANS Christian Andersen was born in a room so small that his crib, the large bed, and his father's shoemaker's bench took up almost all the space there was. But the walls of the room were covered with pictures,

and over the workbench was a little shelf containing books and songs. Also, since this room was used as kitchen as well as bedroom, workshop, and parlor, there were many shining plates and metal pans in it to delight the eyes of the child. A ladder in one corner of the room led up to the roof, where there was a large box of earth that Hans' mother used as a vegetable garden. You will remember this garden when you read about the playground of Gerda and Kay in "The Snow Queen," one of the stories written later in life by this very boy, by Hans Christian Andersen.

In this room Hans' father sat day by day, making and mending shoes. All his life Hans' father had wished to go to school and to study, but as he was a poor man and it cost money in those days to go to school, he had been unable to get any education



except what he could pick up for himself. But now at night he read to his little son stories from "The Arabian Nights," passages from great plays, and many chapters from that best of all story books, the Bible. He was no longer the poor cobbler making and mending shoes. Together, he and Hans were carried away into the scenes of the stories that they read. They forgot the little room and the shoemaker's bench; they forgot everything but that realm of the fancy and of fairyland in which all his life Hans Christian Andersen delighted to live.

On warm spring Sundays Hans' father took him out into the fragrant woods. Here the father would sit and dream while Hans played among the trees, stringing wild strawberries on a twig, or making garlands of wild flowers. When they went home they

took branches of green to decorate the little room that Hans' mother always kept clean and bright.

When Hans was only three years old the Spanish and French soldiers that were fighting with Denmark against Sweden took possession of Odense, the little town in Denmark in which Hans lived. The bright uniforms of the soldiers, the noise of their cannon, and the music of their bands made a great impression on Hans' mind. The remembrance of having seen one poor soldier carried away to be hanged remained with him so vividly that long years afterward he wrote a little poem about it, called "The Soldier." And a happier record of the impression is left in the story of "The Tinder Box," which is printed in this volume.

One night there was great excitement in the town in which Hans lived. A comet

appeared in the skies. Little Hans, like his mother and grandmother and the other poor, ignorant people of Odense, thought surely that it meant that the end of the world had come. Hans' father was the only one who laughed at the belief, and Hans and his mother cried bitterly, for they feared something dreadful would happen to Hans' father because of his strange ideas. Hans clung to his mother's skirt as she stood among the people who had gathered in the churchyard to gaze at the mighty ball of fire with its flaming tail. This was an experience that Hans never forgot. Of course the world did not come to an end, as the old townspeople had said it would, but Hans, in the days that followed, sometimes wished that it had!

For now Hans had to go to school. He went first to an old lady, who, like the

old woman in the shoe, carried her birch rod about with her continually. She taught Hans his A B C's at least; but even after Hans had left her school for a boys' school higher in grade he did not learn much. For he was so very busy making up stories, and listening to the stories other people told, that he did not pay much attention to his lessons. And he was sorry enough about this later on, for when he was older and tried to write out his stories he did not know how to do it very well, and he had to study hard in order to make up for lost time.

In the house in which all the poor old people of the village were taken care of, Hans' grandmother was employed. Here Hans often spent long hours in the room where the old women sat busily spinning. They told him stories that their fathers and mothers and

their grandmothers and grandfathers had told to them. These were the stories that had come from no one knew where, so long ago did the oldest living person remember having heard them. Such stories we of to-day call folk stories, since they were not at first contained in any book, but were carried about in the hearts and minds of the people. These were the stories that Hans afterward wrote out or used in making stories of his own; and now his head was so full of them that he could not learn what is ordinarily taught to every boy and girl. And so Hans made very little use of his A B C's and his multiplication table.

But one day Hans' father and mother took him to the theater. Hans was delighted with the great crowd of people, the bright lights, the talk and dress and gestures of the actors on the stage. After he went home

his father helped him build a toy theater of his own. For actors he used little dolls whose dresses he cut out of the scraps of cloth that he begged from his mother or her neighbors. He made these little dolls act out the stories that the old spinning women had told him. He thought up speeches of his own for them to say, and had them talk and walk and strut across the stage as he had seen real actors do.

Hans was happier than he had ever been, but unfortunately his happiness did not last long; for his father was taken ill and died, and his mother had to go out to wash in order to earn their living. Hans was left alone a great deal, and the neighbors scolded Hans' mother for letting the boy remain idle. She was just about to apprentice him to a tailor when something happened to change the whole current of Hans' life.



Hans was nearly fourteen that summer when a troupe of actors from the Royal Theater came to Odense. Hans made friends with the billposter and was allowed to go behind the scenes. Once or twice he was even allowed to act the part of a page or a shepherd with a few words to say. He found that being an actor himself was much more exciting than having dolls to act for him in a toy theater.

So he begged his mother not to apprentice him to a tailor, but to let him go to Copenhagen, where the Royal Theater was. When his mother asked him what he expected to do there, he answered that he intended to become famous. He had read about a great many famous men. "You go through a frightful lot of hardships first," he said, "and then you become famous!"

And now what do you think happened?

His mother sent for a woman who was supposed to tell the future by means of coffee grounds and cards. She shook the cup round and round, shuffled the cards, and declared that Hans Christian Andersen would become a great and famous man. "Odense will one day be illuminated in honor of him!" she said.

At this Hans' mother burst into tears, and gave consent to her son's journey. She must, however, have hoped that he would not really go so far away from her, for she said to a neighbor, "When he gets to Nyborg and sees the rough sea he will soon turn back!"

But Hans Christian Andersen did not turn back. As soon as he reached Copenhagen he went at once to the Royal Theater. But the director refused to take him as an actor because he was too thin. A famous



**H**ans **A**ndersen will be a great  
and famous man.

actress of whom Hans had heard received him graciously enough, but when he recited

passages from plays for her, and took off his heavy boots to show her how he could dance, she thought that he surely must be crazy.

Hans had only a few pennies in his pocket, and he did not know where to spend the night. At last, while walking up and down the streets of the great, strange city, it occurred to him to go to see Siboni, an Italian singing master and composer who trained voices for the opera.

At the door of the singer's house Hans was so overcome by his unhappiness that he burst into tears and confided his whole history to the maid who came to the door. The kind-hearted servant told the boy's story to her master, and Hans was soon led into the dining room, where a poet, a musician, and several other noted people were being entertained by Siboni. Hans told them all his hopes and fears. They heard him sing

and recite passages from plays and poems.

“I will teach you to sing,” said Siboni.

And the others raised a small sum of money for him.

On this Hans was able to live for more than a year in a little attic room looking out on one of the poorest streets in Copenhagen. Often enough he went cold and hungry. A roll or a slice of bread was sometimes all that he had to eat through the entire day. He had no money to buy clothes. He wore those that he had brought from home, and those had been far too small for him in the beginning. But in spite of all this Hans was happy now, and thanked God for his good fortune.

One of the players of the Royal Theater gave him instruction in acting. He took singing and dancing lessons daily in company with many other young people who, like the

ducks, the chickens, and the rough poultry girl of Andersen's story, were not very kind to the Ugly Duckling.

Hans started to study German and Latin, too; but he was so much interested in the theater and in writing plays of his own that he paid little attention to his studies, and at last received a heartbreaking rebuke from the more fortunate friends who were supporting him. Then his voice failed him because he had gone all winter without warm underwear, and had worn the same thin, dilapidated shoes in wet weather and in dry.

It is hard to say how he would have passed through this distressing time if it had not been for a little play that he sent to the directors of the theater, hoping that they might have it acted upon the stage. The play showed that he needed to study his own language quite as much as German



or Latin. But, bad as the grammar of the play was, the directors of the theater saw that there was much good in it, too. So they begged the king of Denmark to give Hans enough money to live on and to let him go to school at a place called Slagelse, not far from Copenhagen.

Hans started off on a beautiful September day. Again he felt that the world lay fair before him. But at school he was placed in the class with the smallest boys, and the struggle with his lessons was almost as bad as that with poverty. It was only after four years of hard, hard work under very strict teachers that Hans, now a young man twenty-one years old, was allowed to return to Copenhagen and continue his studies under a private tutor.

And now the poetic thoughts and fancies that had almost entirely withered under the

severe treatment at Slagelse began to bud and bloom again. About two years later Andersen published a book that he had written just after going to take examinations for his degree. He called it "A Journey on Foot to Amack." Everybody read the book and began to talk about it. Then he wrote a play that was really acted at the theater. This was called "Love on the Nicholas Tower." At Christmas time a collection of his poems was published.

The poor cobbler's son was now known and loved throughout all Denmark. But still it was not until several years later that Andersen became really "famous." And surely he had passed through enough hardships to win this reward!

This is the way it happened:

When Andersen was visiting his friends in Copenhagen he used to tell the children

stories that he had heard when he was a little boy in Odense. Not only the children but the grown people as well enjoyed them. They begged him to tell them again and again, and at last his friends said that he must write out these stories so that every one might have a chance to hear them.

“Write them out exactly as you tell them,” they said to Andersen. “Don’t change a word or a syllable.”

So he wrote out “The Tinder Box,” “The Real Princess,” all the stories in this book, and many more stories that you may read some day, and gave them to the printer to publish. Some of these stories, such as “The Ugly Duckling” and “The Constant Tin Soldier,” Andersen himself made up.

And now Hans had gone through all his hardships and was really and truly “famous.” Everybody said so. In England, in France,

in Spain, and in Germany, and of course in the United States, everybody was reading his stories. The last story he ever wrote, "Luck May Lie in a Stick," was published in an American magazine. (In fact, in 1875, just before Andersen died, he was planning a journey to America to see the hundreds of children that had read his stories and had learned to love his name.) •

And now kings sent for Andersen and decorated him with medals. One night at the opera in Copenhagen, when they were playing a piece written by Andersen, the king came into the royal box and bowed to the author, who was sitting across the theater. Andersen could not believe his eyes, as this was a thing that had never happened before to one of his station. But the king bowed again and again, until Andersen realized that the salute was intended entirely for him.

# **A**nd now **K**ings sent for **A**ndersen





If only the poor cobbler or the poor washer-woman of Odense could have seen that, how happy they would have been!

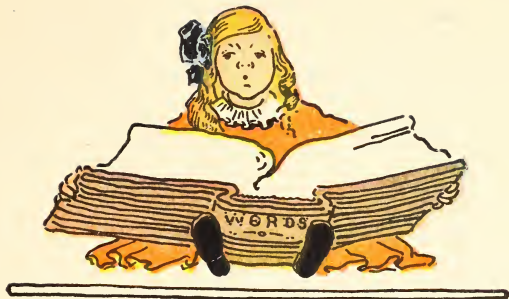
But this was as nothing compared to the celebration that occurred when Andersen, now a man of threescore years, was invited by his native town to become an honorary citizen of the place that he had left so long before. Flags waved from every house in town. Buildings were decorated. All the schools had holiday. Andersen was driven to the town hall, while people stood on the sidewalks and waved to him, shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Before the town hall hundreds of people were drawn up in line, singing music that had been set to the words of Andersen's own poems. As they drove back after the ceremony, lights flashed forth through the many streets, and Andersen could hear the boys crying out the evening



papers that told of his splendid visit to the city. The next day was even more wonderful. People made speeches in honor of Andersen. All the children sang a welcome to their poet and story-teller. As many as could came up and gave him both their little hands to grasp. From all over the world Andersen received telegrams. One was from the king. At night there was a fine torchlight procession. All the workmen of Odense, carrying banners and bright colors, took part in it. At last they all gathered before Andersen's window, and he stepped out on the balcony and spoke to them, he who had sent joy and sunshine into so many of their homes. He told them of his boyhood in Odense, of his struggles, and of his success, in which he was so glad to have them share. And then he told them of the prophecy that the old woman had read for

him out of the coffee grounds. For the old prophecy was at last fulfilled. *Hans Christian Andersen was a famous man, and all Odense was illuminated in his honor!*





## Unfamiliar Words

*Alderman.* A city or town officer.

*Almanac.* A book containing, among other things, information about the weather.

*Bayonet.* A pointed knife fitted into the muzzle of a gun.

*Birds of passage.* Birds that fly from place to place, and do not stay long in any one place.

*Bruin.* Another name for bear, meaning brown.

*Burdock.* A large bush-like plant with big green leaves and burs.

*Canopy.* An awning, or covering, to protect one from the sun or rain.

*Cobbler.* One who makes or mends shoes.

*Composer.* A musician who writes music.

*Cornfields.* In Denmark a field in which grain, especially rye, but not Indian corn, is growing.

*Council chamber.* The room in which an emperor or other ruler and his statesmen meet to discuss state affairs.

*Courtiers.* Men who live at the court of an emperor or king.

*Dedicate.* To devote one's self to.

*Dilapidated.* Worn out, shabby.

*Drake.* A male duck.

*Eel.* A long fish, like a snake.

*Emperor.* A ruler over an empire.

*Empire.* A country governed by an emperor.

*Festival.* A feast, a holiday.

*Ganders.* Male geese.

*Gauze.* A thin, transparent cloth, like a veil.

*Gestures.* Movements of the arms or body to express feeling or to make stronger what one is saying.

*Goloshes.* Large rubber overshoes.

*Grubbing.* Scraping or digging up.

*Iliad.* A long poem written by the Greek poet, Homer, that tells about the war of the Greeks and the Trojans.

*Imperial.* Belonging to an empire.

*Infinity.* Space without bounds or limits.

*Invisible.* Something that cannot be seen.

*Knapsack.* A case of canvas or leather for carrying on the back a soldier's necessities.

*Lady in waiting.* A lady who attends a queen at court.

*Lark.* A small singing bird with a very sweet voice, that flies very high and sings as it goes upward.

*Looms.* Frames on which cloth is woven.

*Luster.* Brightness.

*Master of ceremonies.* The man who arranges a public parade or affair.

*Medal.* A reward given to a brave or a famous person to show him honor.

*Melancholy.* Sad, dreary.

*Moor.* A wild, waste, open piece of land.

*Mountain ash.* A tree that bears large clusters of red berries, pretty to look at, but not good to eat.

- Museum.* A place where unusual or beautiful things are kept.
- Musket.* An old-fashioned gun carried by a soldier.
- Nightingale.* A small bird that sings beautifully at night.
- Northern lights.* Beautiful lights that stream across the sky at night in northern countries.
- Orient.* The East, or the Eastern Continent, Asia.
- Parson.* A priest, a preacher.
- Passport.* A ticket permitting travelers to pass from one country to another.
- Prophecy.* The telling beforehand of something that will happen in the future.
- Prophet.* One who knows what will happen at a future time.
- Peasant.* An agricultural laborer or countryman in foreign countries.
- Plantain.* A plant, something like the banana, that grows in warm countries.
- Rebuke.* To find fault with one who has done wrong.
- Reeds.* Tall, hollow, grassy stalks that grow in the water's edge.
- Rogue.* A dishonest person—one who is not what he pretends to be.
- Scaffold.* A high stage, or platform, made of boards; sometimes meaning a place where a man is hanged.
- Sealing wax.* Wax used for sealing letters.
- Serenade.* Music played in some one's honor, usually out of doors.
- Shaggy.* Rough, with long hair or wool.
- Smyrna.* A city in Syria, on the Mediterranean Sea.
- Squire.* A country landowner.
- State coach.* The carriage in which the king and queen or other rulers ride.
- Stork.* A large bird with long legs that wades in the water and sometimes lives on buildings.
- Suitors.* Those who ask for a lady's hand in marriage.
- Swamp.* Low, marshy ground, half covered with water.

*Swindler.* One who takes money and gives nothing in return for it.

*Tinder box.* A box full of tinder, or splinters, for striking fire with flint stones; used before matches were made.

*Thicket.* A close growth of bushes or small trees.

*Transparent.* Clear, colorless.

*Turner.* One who shapes or carves wood upon a machine called a lathe.

*Tutor.* A teacher who gives instruction privately.

*Uniform.* A suit worn by soldiers or the members of any particular body of people.

*Weavers.* People who make, or weave, cloth on looms.





## Other folk Tales and fairy Stories<sup>1</sup>

ANDERSEN'S WONDER STORIES AND FAIRY TALES, complete,  
translated by Horace E. Scudder.

GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

BLUE FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

RED FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

PINK FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

GREEN FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

ORANGE FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

YELLOW FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

OLIVE FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

VIOLET FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

LILAC FAIRY BOOK, edited by Andrew Lang.

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES, selected by Joseph Jacobs.

MORE ENGLISH FAIRY TALES, selected by Joseph Jacobs.

CELTIC FAIRY TALES, selected by Joseph Jacobs.

MORE CELTIC FAIRY TALES, selected by Joseph Jacobs.

<sup>1</sup> This list includes stories that have a direct and complete interest in themselves, and leaves for a later period stories of mythology and legend, such as "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights" by Maud Radford, "The Knightly Legends of Wales" and "The Boys' Mabinogion" by Sidney Lanier, the stories of the Rhinegold, stories of Norse mythology, and others having an interest deeper than the merely narrative thread of the story that appeals to the youngest readers. The exceptions to this are Hawthorne's stories, which, by the very simple narrative interest of their retold form, class themselves with the books of the present list.

Among special fairy stories "The Coming of the Prince" by Eugene Field might well be added to the list, and in connection with "The Constant Tin Soldier" Field's "Little Boy Blue" should be read.

INDIAN FAIRY TALES, selected by Joseph Jacobs.  
STORY OF CINDERELLA, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, and THE SLEEPING  
BEAUTY, arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge.  
ALICE IN WONDERLAND, by Lewis Carroll.  
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, by Lewis Carroll.  
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, by John Ruskin.  
THE JUNGLE BOOK, by Rudyard Kipling.  
"JUST SO" STORIES, by Rudyard Kipling.  
REWARDS AND FAIRIES, by Rudyard Kipling.  
PUCK OF POOK'S HILL, by Rudyard Kipling.  
WONDER BOOK, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.  
TWICE TOLD TALES, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.  
TANGLEWOOD TALES, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.  
THE STORY OF RIP VAN WINKLE, by Washington Irving.  
THE HEROES; OR GREEK FAIRY TALES, by Charles Kingsley.  
UNCLE REMUS AND THE LITTLE BOY, by Joel Chandler Harris.  
NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS, by Joel Chandler Harris.  
UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS, by Joel Chandler Harris.  
MR. RABBIT AT HOME, by Joel Chandler Harris.

## Suggestions to Teachers

THE stories in this little book are of so simple a nature that it is hardly necessary to make any suggestions in regard to them. The story of Andersen's life, however, provides material for a good deal of information that should prove instructive to a child just beginning, though ever so humbly, a study of English literature. In this connection I have made the following suggestive outline to be read by the children themselves and discussed in the class if desired. The brief set of questions given at the end, it is hoped too, may be of help.

Do you know where Denmark is? What kind of a country is it?

Have they a king there, or a president?

Do you know what a comet is? Have you ever seen a comet?

A comet is a wandering star in the heavens. It rushes through the sky faster than you can think. And, a long time ago, people thought that a comet would one day come too near the earth and destroy it. But now the men that study the stars have found out that a comet, although it does not seem to be going anywhere in particular, has a regular path, or orbit, in which it travels; just as the other moving stars or planets have their orbits.

You know the earth has an orbit, and moves about the sun. And the moon moves about the earth.

And the earth and the sun and the moon and the planets, and comets too, are all governed and held in place by the same law that gives us our day and our darkness, our tides and our seasons, our wild flowers in the springtime and our snows in winter.

What that law is we cannot say, any more than we can tell why it is that an apple falls to the ground instead of staying in mid-air, or why it is that steam moves the lid of the teakettle.

We only know that there *is* a law because we see the proof of it in the *order* and *regularity* in which all things in the world move and live.

Not knowing what that law is, and not being able even to give it a name, because it is so vast that we are not able to think about it all at once, we are obliged—in order to study and think about it at all—to think of only one little part of it at a time. And that is the real reason why we go to school.

Arithmetic is a part of that law. For without arithmetic you could no more find out about the stars than you could pay the grocer. Music is a part of it, because we all know that everything in the world moves in rhythm and harmony. That is where the old saying comes from that the stars sing in their spheres.

Geography is a part of that law, and history, and reading, and writing. So is everything that you study a part of that law. And so, after all, what you really go to school for is to study all that you can about the law that makes you live and breathe, and that holds the stars and the world in space.

Do you know what a theater is? Have you ever been to a theater?

A theater is a place where people go to see plays acted. Sometimes the place is out of doors, and sometimes it is in a building. Now a play is a story acted—a story that is acted out just as if it were happening in real life, although it takes much less time than if it were happening in real life. I suppose you have often made up stories to yourself of something that you wish might happen to you, and you know how very little time that takes. In your dreams, and in plays, too, you leave out the unimportant parts. Perhaps you have been to an opera? For an opera is a play in which all the words are sung to music.

Do you know how it was that Andersen really became famous—not, as he had expected, by writing plays, but by writing stories?

It is a strange thing that we do not always set out to do the thing that is best and wisest for us to do, though if we work hard and have faith in ourselves and in the future, we always come to it some day.

Andersen, now, like the man in "Luck May Lie in a Stick," found his Luck where he had least expected to find it. All his life long Andersen had wanted to write plays. Now the fact is that Andersen wrote better stories than he did plays, because the things that Andersen said about people and things were ever so much more funny than the things he made them do. In a play, you see, all the remarks have to be left out. The actors tell the story in what they do; the man who writes the play keeps still. He hasn't any chance to say what he thinks about *things*.

That is why some people like to write stories better than plays, and some the other way. Besides, Andersen had such a funny way of looking at things. He even wrote stories about the life of a darning needle, a dustpan, or a piece of an old rubber ball. Now you cannot imagine a darning needle walking about on a stage, can you? Andersen didn't try to make the darning needle walk about on the stage, but he made people walk about that weren't half so funny, and that is why people liked to read his stories better than to go to see his plays.

Do you know how the first plays were acted?

The first plays that we of the western half of the world know about were acted about two thousand years ago, away over in a sunny country called Greece,—a country, by the way, not unlike Denmark, because it is almost entirely cut up and surrounded by the sea. In Greece the plays were acted in a very simple way at first. All that the people in a play did was to act out one of the old legends or folk stories that were as familiar to them as the stories of the Bible are to us. And then, later on, they made longer plays, and made the plays out of longer stories, and acted the plays in the beautiful out-of-door theater of Dionysus in Athens. Do you know the names of the three great writers of Greek plays? They are Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Some day you can read some of the plays they wrote.

Do you know how the first English plays were acted? They were acted and written in the same way as Greek plays. They were acted about four or five hundred years ago in England. At Christmas and at Easter,



and on other holidays, people acted out the stories with which they were most familiar, and these were the Bible stories that they heard at church. So they acted out the story of the creation of Adam and Eve, and the birth of Jesus, or the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. At first they acted these plays out of doors, too; but then they, like the Greeks, began to write longer plays, and wrote them about all sorts of things, such as happened to people in daily life; and after awhile the plays were acted in London, in a theater very much like the theaters that we have to-day. And the greatest writer of English plays was William Shakspeare. Have you ever seen one of his plays? His plays are so good that they are still acted almost every day somewhere or other in the United States and in England. Have you ever read the story of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," or "As You Like It," or "The Tempest"?

There are a great many sorts of plays that you can go to see to-day, but none so good as Shakspeare's. In fact, a great many of the plays that people go to see to-day are not worth going to see at all! Because all the people are not educated as they should be, they go to see plays that have nothing beautiful in them. And for this very same reason people write plays that it would be much better if they had never written. So now the educated people in America are trying to get people to read and go to see only the best plays, and to write plays with beautiful things in them. And for this reason they are now teaching even little children all about good plays, so that they will appreciate beautiful plays when they grow up, and perhaps write them. In some of the big cities they now have theaters in

which children themselves act plays. Wouldn't you like to see a play given at such a theater? Have you ever acted in a play yourself? Have you ever written one? Why don't you see if you can some time?

But first you must be sure that you can answer all the following questions:

What is a play?

What is a story?

What is a folk story?

Have you ever made up a story?

What is a fairy story?

What is an opera?

Where were the first plays acted?

How long ago was it?

What were the Greek plays about?

How were the first English plays acted?

What were they about?

Do you know the three great writers of Greek plays?

Have you ever heard the story of any Greek play?

Who was the greatest writer of English plays?

Can you tell the story of one of his plays?

Have you ever been to a play?

What was it about?

Have you ever made up a story?

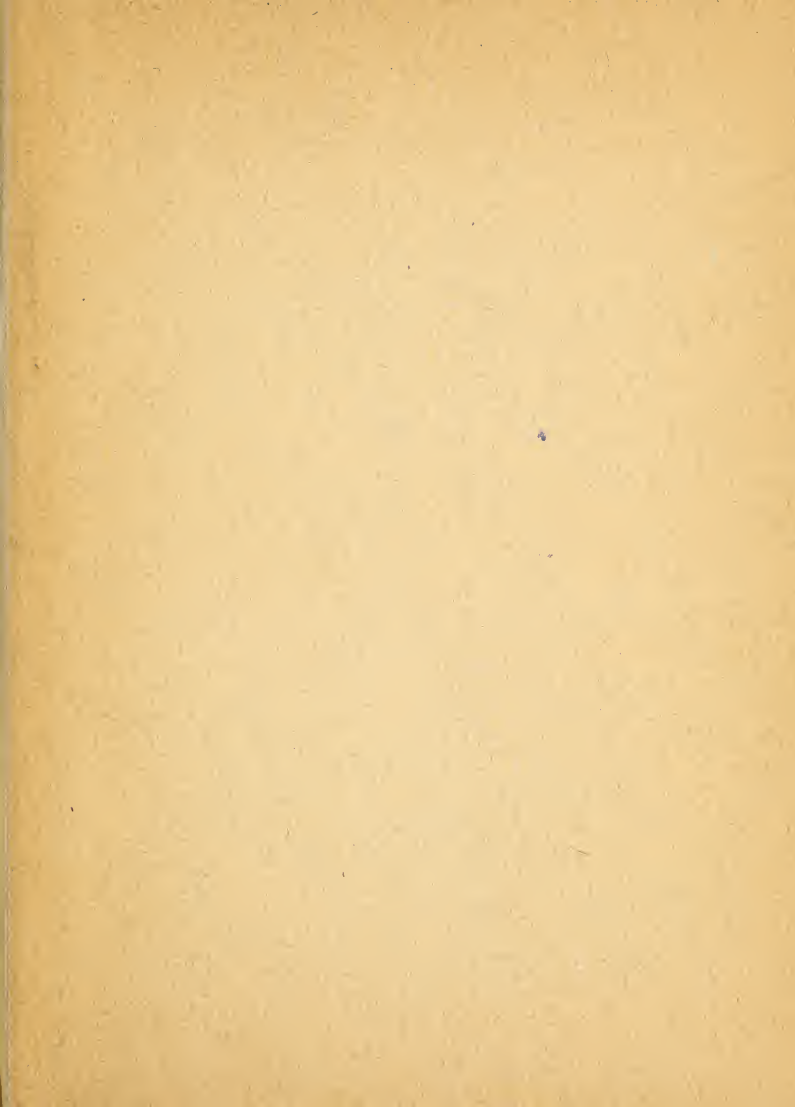
Could you make a play out of it?

Can you remember why it was that Andersen did not write as good plays as he wrote stories?

Do you think your "Luck" would lie most in stories or in plays?













BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 07279 284 7

